

The earth is the child of the sun and all the other planets came from the same source. The moon is child of the earth, but all the children are so aged the date of their birth is an infinite distance in the past.

The earth is inhabited with millions of different species and varieties of animal and vegetable life. It is possible that some of the other planets are likewise inhabited, but we have no accurate knowledge of that. We believe that some of

planets far out from the sun it has been argued that no one can live because the sun is so far away there could not be enough heat for life. While that may be true, it also might be true they have more heat of their own.

**TELESCOPES TURN WITH THE STARS.**

Of course all the study about planets is to a large part guess work. The planets are so far away we cannot study them accurately.

## Seeking New Races Among The Sisters Of The Earth

### Scientists Advance Theory That One-Eyed Four-Legged Men May Live on the Back Side of the Moon or Inhabit the Ocean Bed of Mars

the solar globe, in the same manner as a fragment of ice thrown on the frozen surface of a sheet of water divides into several pieces and slides in all directions.

Change is going on incessantly in the region of the spots. In the breaking up of spots thin, bright bands are seen to cross the umbra dividing it into several parts. Thus begins the disintegration of the spots.

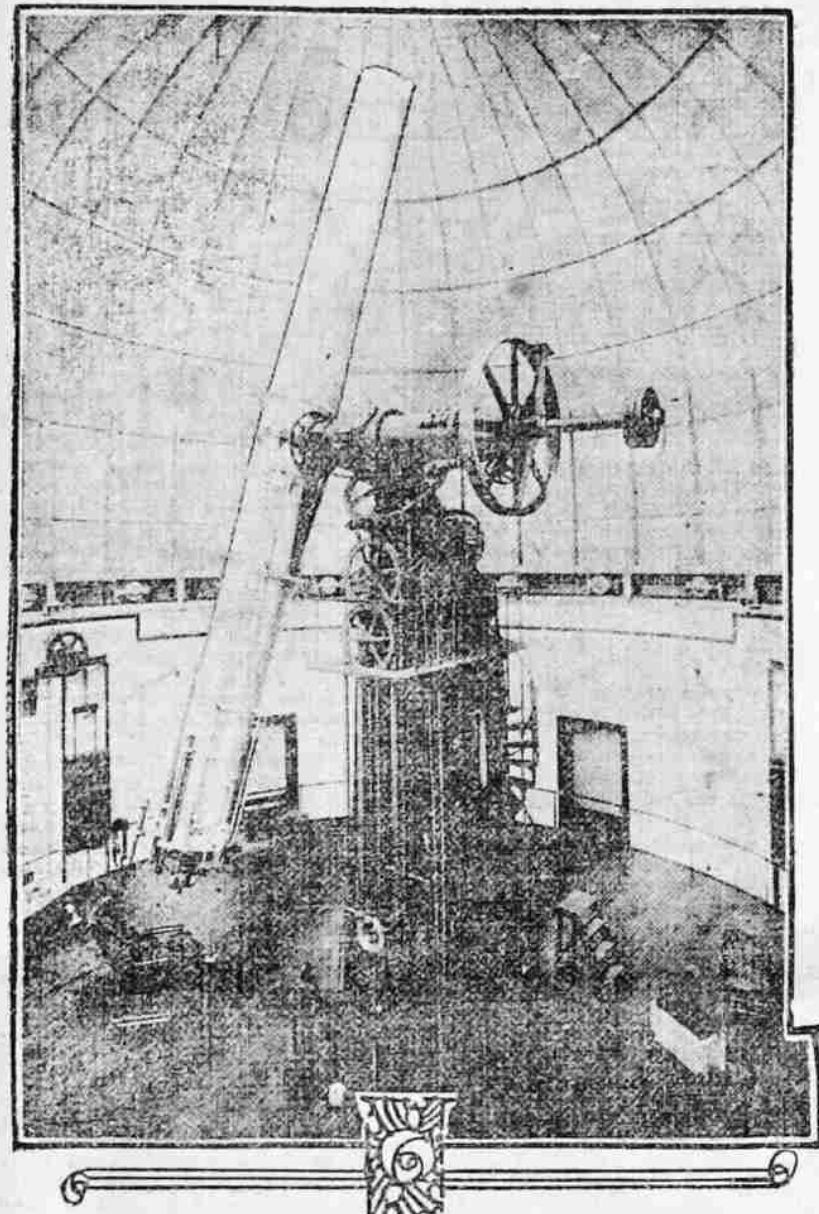
This is then seemingly the pro-

cess: The spot is formed, grows, is crossed by luminous streaks, and disappears.

The forming of the spots appears to be as follows: A small portion of the bright granular surface seems to soften, then darkens, little by little, and lastly graduates into a dense, well-defined spot. Sometimes curved streaks are seen to radiate from the very center of the disturbance. This is a solar cyclone. It finally settles into a spot. I have frequently watched these solar cyclonic movements from their inception.

gray fringe.

It seems to be now admitted that there is no solar constant. That our sun is a variable star of a feeble type. Nothing like Omicron, Ceti, Mira, or the Wonderful. It ranges from the second to the tenth magnitude in 521½ days. Neither is it as striking as Algol, Beta, Persei, or the Demon, which changes from the second to fourth magnitude in a period of two and one-half days.



the myriads of stars scattered through the limitless space are inhabited, but we do not know which ones.

The mystery of other worlds has extended from the time when man first learned the other planets were really great masses, some of them bigger than the earth. Since then men have riveted their gaze on the heavens constantly. No minute has passed for years without some eye being turned toward the heavens. The world is covered with astronomical observatories and from each of these eyes are turned toward the skies. Some of them are not open every night, but never a night passes without some of them being open.

All the time some of the scientists have been wondering if there were not some people on the other heavenly bodies. The moon is the nearest body. It is not supposed that anyone lives on the moon. The moon has no atmosphere as far as we know.

But we can see only half of the moon. The other side is always turned away from us. The moon turns on its axis just like the earth, but it turns only once every change of the moon. That causes the face of the moon to be turned toward us constantly. It may be that on the obverse side there are deep canyons where there is atmosphere and where people live. On this side of the moon there are some craters fifty miles across. There is supposed to be atmosphere in these craters, and if there is atmosphere might appear on the other side as well in some deep valley of which we know nothing.

All that is problematical, however. The thing cannot be proven. If anyone lives on the moon he belongs to a race far different from any found on the earth. He is a giant and may have four or six eyes and may have but one eye and two noses. No one can tell. He may have intelligence. He may be wiser than man and may not be as wise.

Mars is one of our nearest neighbors next to the moon. Mars, too, is smaller than the earth. Astronomers believe they have found chlorophyll on Mars and believe that means the planet has vegetation. Mars is older than the earth and its oceans are practically gone. The planets further out may have life, too, as they have been found to contain much chlorophyll. The farther out they are from the sun the more chlorophyll they show.

The planets toward the sun show less chlorophyll or no chlorophyll and it is not believed either of them are inhabited. These two planets are Venus and Mercury. On the

Even Mars is difficult to study. The moon is readily studied and astronomers talk about the moon with certainty, knowing without a doubt that no one lives on this side of the moon.

The telescopes used in studying the heavens are wonderful affairs. They are placed in a dome which revolves as the earth rotates on its axis and the planets or stars seem to turn. If the telescopes did not turn the object on which they are focused would soon be out of the range of the glass. Try sitting in the shade of a tree. The shadow moves and the sun gets to you.

As the shadows move so do the stars appear to move. Therefore, powerful machinery is needed to turn the telescopes in their courses and follow the stars. The observer puts his eye to the glass and never needs to worry about not seeing the object.

The sun has been the object of much study, but because of its intense glare it is difficult to look at. One can not look at the sun intently with the naked eye for any long time. Smoked glasses are needed. The sun is studied best in time of partial or total eclipse. At the time of the last total eclipse in Asia and Europe, in August, many American astronomers went to the eclipse zone to study the phenomenon. Many of them have not yet returned because of the European war and the difficulties of transportation.

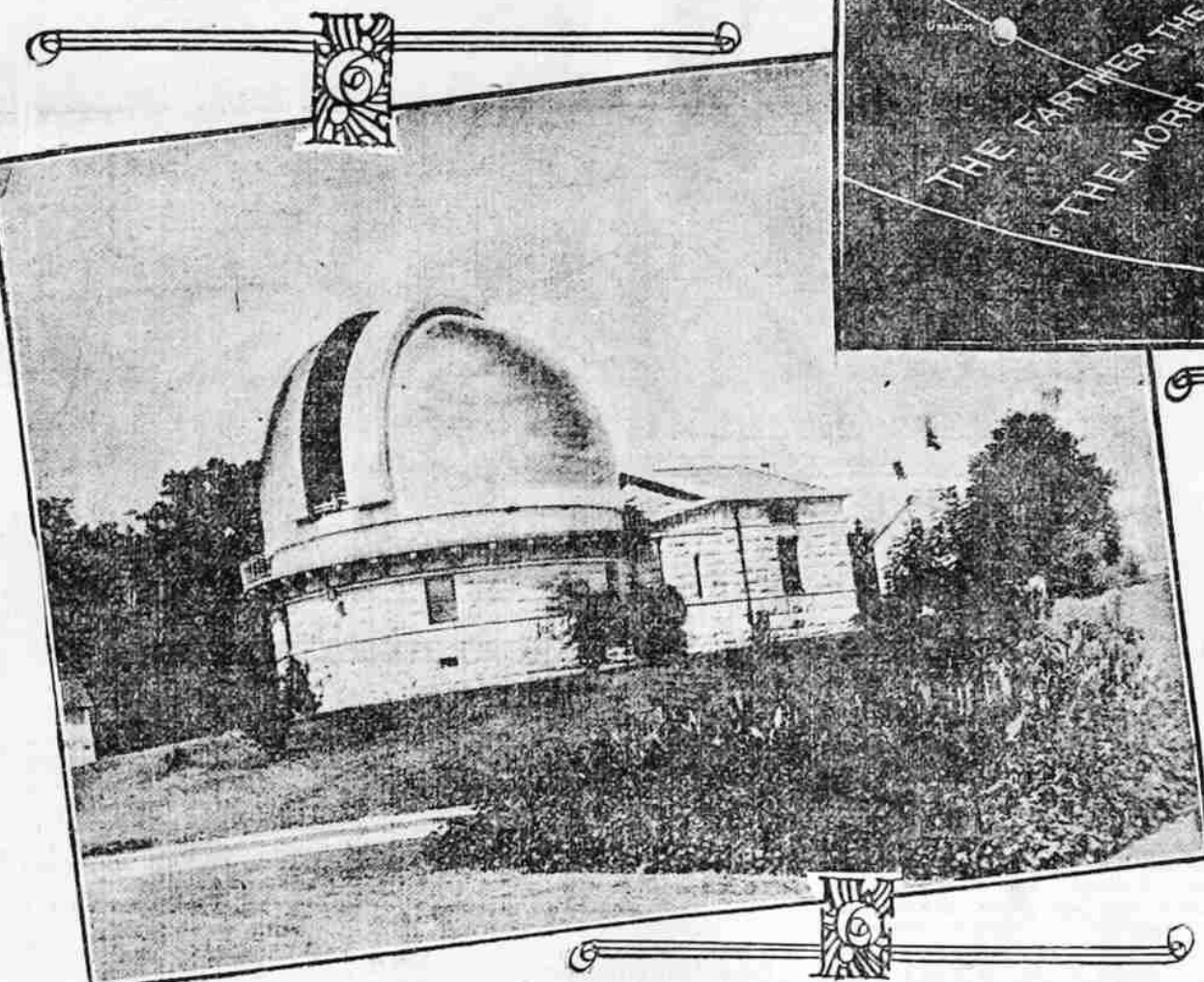
Some of them in Russia were captured by ignorant soldiers and their photographs were destroyed.

When the sun is viewed with a telescope its bright granular surface is seen to be pitted with black spots. These spots are often numerous. They vary widely, too, in size. Usually the spots present a dark central part, strikingly contrasted with the brighter margin.

The dark center is known as the umbra or nucleus. This umbra is surrounded by a border, not so dark as the center nor so bright as the disc. This border region is called the penumbra. It appears ordinarily of a uniform grayish tint. The penumbra, when highly magnified, appears streaked with radiations pointing toward the spot's center.

The spots are mostly found in groups. A large spot frequently breaks up into a number of smaller ones. A spot may live only a few days, and may survive several months.

Sometimes a spot divides into several separate nuclei; sometimes many distinct nuclei reunite into one. In rare instances a spot will appear to break upon the surface of



cess: The spot is formed, grows, is crossed by luminous streaks, and disappears.

The forming of the spots appears to be as follows: A small portion of the bright granular surface seems to soften, then darkens, little by little, and lastly graduates into a dense, well-defined spot. Sometimes curved streaks are seen to radiate from the very center of the disturbance. This is a solar cyclone. It finally settles into a spot. I have frequently watched these solar cyclonic movements from their inception.

#### SPOTS HAVE PERIOD OF 11.1 YEARS.

The spots have a periodicity. The accepted highest authorities on this periodicity seem to be Heinrich Schwabe, Dr. John Lamont and Rudolph Wolf. They practically agree on the period, making it about 11.1 years.

But although the mean period of maxima and minima is placed at 11.1 years, still there is considerable fluctuation on either side of this mean. The interval between two maxima may reach 16½ years or descend to 7½ years. It is also understood that the spots increase more rapidly than they decrease, and that neither the increase nor decrease is uniform.

There are many theories purporting to account for the origin of spots. Solar clouds, slags or cinders of solar combustion, solar volcanoes, rocky elevations and great eruptions producing cavities in the solar surface. The cavity theory seems quite popular. However, Newcomb,

UPPER LEFT—The Earth as it might appear from Mars. Upper center—Four views of Mars, the shaded portions representing the oceans. Upper right—The Moon. Lower right—The solar system. Lower left—An outside view of an observatory.

rents descending. Hence the pores or mottled appearance.

My own opinion is that the spots are enlargements of the solar pores. The mottled appearance of the sun's surface is caused by a vertical circulation of currents, absorbing into the sun's interior the cold matter from without, and sending forth heated matter from within towards the surface. These are convection currents.

The many elements in the sun must have different capacities for heat. Some of these elements cool more rapidly than others and so frequently, owing to an increased activity in the sun, increase the size of the pores and give them the appearance of great spots. This convection or boiling process would seem to answer all the phenomena presented by the spots: The whirling appearance, the independent motion, the black center and the

Our sun would seem to be a feeble variable of eleven years' periodicity.

The sun spot maxima of 1896 and 1905, 1906, presented some extraordinary features. Some of the spots were of an enormous size. A spot of the 1896 maxima was plainly visible to the unaided eye.

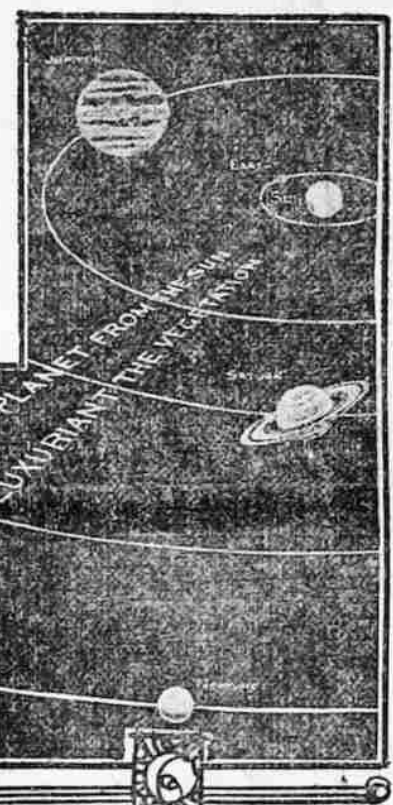
Spots in 1905 and 1906 were also visible to the unaided eye.

As sun spots are indices of solar activity, the sun must have been greatly agitated during the life of these great spots. The greatest spot of 1906 was plainly visible to the naked eye for several days. It appeared to the eye as a single spot, although when viewed through the telescope it was resolved into a number of separate spots lying closely together. The system of spots measured 160,000 miles across.

The greatest single spot ever recorded was that seen by Captain Davis on August 30, 1859, and measured 186,000 miles in its greatest length. This surface, a spot of the 1859 maxima, embraced an area of 25,000,000,000 square miles.

Sabine, Wolf, Gautier and Airey were of the opinion that there was a concurrence between magnetic disturbances and solar phenomena. Indeed the reality of the relation between sun-spots and magnetic disturbances appears to be sufficiently proved, the question now seems to be to discover the nature of this relation, whether direct or otherwise.

It is claimed as a result of observations from 55 stations in Norway, Sweden and Denmark covering a



period of 30 years that the maxima and minima of thunderstorms occur at about the periods of maxima and minima of sun spots.

#### SPOTS WILL GROW RAPIDLY IN SIZE.

The last maximum of spots occurred in 1905-1906. The minimum in 1911. During the past couple of years the spots were few in number and small in size. No really great spots or very large groups appeared. The largest group in that period would not exceed 30,000 miles across.

The next maximum will be in 1916-1917. The spots may now be expected to begin to grow rapidly in number and in size. Some maxima periods develop more spots than others. Thus the 1870 maximum indicated an extraordinary activity in the solar surface. On the other hand the 1883 maximum was much below the average in the number of spots developed.

Many kinds of influence of the spot maxima on terrestrial atmospheric conditions running in cycles of eleven years have been suggested. However, for the most part practical astronomers are inclined to hold that there is only one case in which the evidence is strong enough to really establish a connection of this kind. There is certainly a close relationship between magnetic storms and aurora displays on the earth and sun-spot maxima.

#### Astors, Mere Common Folks.

Instead of assuming a position of supercilious egotism and snobbish exclusiveness, as he might have done among the high and mighty at Newport, young William Vincent Astor prefers to rent his "Beechwood" villa on Bellevue avenue at Newport to Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr. (Virginia Fair), while he and his bride go about enjoying themselves in their own way, motoring, sailing, driving, playing lawn tennis or any other old thing so long as the two are not bound down to the exacting conventionalities of smart society in which they might be supposed to be supreme.

The simple fact is, Vincent Astor never did take any too kindly to the airs and graces of modern high society as exemplified at the many big social functions given at Newport. If you were at Newport from Chicago or elsewhere and were driving out on fashionable Bellevue avenue, Newport's Bois de Boulogne,

what would you think if you passed a young man and his wife in a racing car, the man crouched down smoking a briarwood pipe of peace and plenty, and his wife in an outing suit, interested only in talking to him and paying no attention to the passing throng out on dress parade? Wouldn't it be more than self-evident that they were having a nice time in their own particular way?

Vincent Astor is the head of the house of Astor, and, in assuming the responsibilities of its \$169,000,000 he has no thought of putting on any airs at all. In fact, it may be said that he seems more subdued than ever. He often goes about in Newport with young Hermann Oelrichs just as he did before he married Helen Dinsmore Huntington of Staatsburgh, N. Y. In doing this he makes a chum of his wife, and his college friends are still his comrades. That is the way young Mrs. Astor wants it to be, it is said.

In Newport Astor and his bride spend most of their time on the steam yacht Noma. Following in the footsteps of his father, Col. John Jacob Astor, Vincent took out a big crowd of the younger set on the Noma for the Astor races on August 6.

Vincent Astor has changed a great deal since he was so fond of running around with demure Ina Claire, then the leading woman in "The Quaker Girl" Company. For quite a time Vincent would always be found in the front row at her theater; afterward he would take her out to supper. Then the dream was over when Ina had to go on the road.

Vincent Astor hates evening clothes and course dinners. Therefore, he calls them.

He owns a speed boat, Mystery, which is in Newport Harbor now. In this boat he often goes out with Helen and races with Hermann Oelrichs, who owns the power boat Vagabond. The other day some of the young people of the social set wanted a dance at the Clambake Club over on Easton's Point, two miles away, all by themselves. Hermann Oelrichs and George Henry Warren, Jr., whose sister is now the Countess Guy de Easterville (Constance Warren), tried to get it up, and although they are supposed to be rich, they thought it was going to cost too much and finally decided they couldn't carry it through alone. Then they hunted up Vincent and talked with him about it. Vincent only asked: "Who are the boys and girls and how much will it cost?"

"Oh, \$150 or perhaps \$200," they told him.

"That will be all right," said Vincent. "I'll stand for that. Go ahead."

After Vincent Astor first came into the absolute control of the many Astor millions some of his friends began to call him "Mr. Astor." That was too much for him. "I wish you would call me Vincent," he said. "It sounds better."

Vincent is devoted to his mother, Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, who is now in London, but he never fully approved of his father's marriage to Miss Madeline Forre, whose age is about the same as that of Vincent's wife.

After the yacht racing season is over Vincent, his bride and probably Hermann Oelrichs are planning a trip to Labrador in the Noma.

#### A Famous Schooner.

"The old schooner Polly, built at Amesbury in 1804, has again changed hands, as she has been sold in her one hundred and tenth year" by Capt. Walter V. Spencer of Rockland to Alfred Johnson of Boston. The Polly was an interesting visitor at the old home week celebration in Amesbury ten years ago, and since that time she has been moored at Dighton on the Taunton River. Mr. Johnson has been asked to put the schooner on exhibition at San Francisco in 1915, taking her through the Panama Canal.



## RANDOM REFERENCES

**THE ORDEAL**, the 2nd chapter of the dramatization of the life of the "LES MISERABLES," showing the reformed life of Jean Valjean, ORACLE all this week.

Do not miss the Great Orpheum show.

Dancing every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. Congress Dancing Academy.

**Engagement Announced**—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fowler announce the engagement of their daughter, Vera, to Charles H. Murphy. The wedding will take place in the near future.

**"GRATITUDE" at the GLOBE** this week reaches the highest type of motion picture drama in point of technique, story and photography.

Another splendid show at the Orpheum.

A good laundress and assistant cook and house girl can find work and good wages at Utah School for Deaf and Blind.

**Death of Mrs. Bingham**—The many friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Julia Bingham will be pained to learn of her death, which occurred a few days ago at Garland, Utah. She was the wife of Sanford Bingham, Jr., and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hall of this city. Her death occurred on the 21st anniversary of her marriage. She was a prominent member of the Garland society and for many years immediately prior to her death acted as president of the Women's Relief Society of Garland ward. The Hall family was among the pioneers, having come to Utah in the year 1847. Mrs. Bingham had many friends and relatives here.

**"HOW THE LANDLORD COLLECTED HIS RENT" at the ISIS** is a side-splitter.

Comedy, novelty, music and romance at the Orpheum.

The ladies of the Episcopal church will serve a merchants' lunch Wednesday, Sept. 29, from 12 until 2 at the parish house, corner of Grant and 24th street. Price 35c.

**Joseph Kelly Arrested**—Saturday afternoon Joseph Kelly was arrested for having misused a horse. The complainant is H. C. Farrell, who alleges that Kelly had occasion to use one of his horses and a buggy, Friday evening, and that when he returned the rig, the horse looked as though he had been drawn through a knot hole and the buggy was hanging together only in places. Kelly was in the employ of Mr. Farrell but the latter felt that his fact did not justify Kelly in the abuse of the good old horse. Mr. Kelly is now in the county jail, pending arraignment in the justice's court.

**"CALL OF THE WILD,"** beautiful Indian story by the Biograph Co. GLOBE this week.

Testimonial in honor of Elders Robert M. Campbell and Clyde Greenwell, Third Ward Amusement hall, Wednesday evening, Sept. 29, 1909. Concert, dance and refreshments. Admission 50c per couple.

The best comedy show of the season at the Orpheum.

**Wedding Soon**—Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Shanks announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Emma Browning, to Mr. Theo. F. Thiel, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, the wedding to take place the coming month.

**DR. EPPERSON'S** Dental office, on the third floor, First National Bank Bldg.

No doubt about B. & G. Butter. It has been on the market nearly fourteen years.

**Funeral of A. W. Putnam**—The funeral services of Amos W. Putnam will be held at Richy's funeral chapel, Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 2:30. The remains will be in state at the residence, 469 Thirteenth street, from 12 till 2. Rev. Elders will officiate. Interment in Mountain View cemetery.

Don't fail to visit the Seventh Ward Bazaar, held at the Amusement hall on 12th St., one block east of Wash. Ave., Sept. 29, 30 and October 1st. Lunch and refreshments. "Hall of Children admitted free in the afternoon from 2 till 5 p. m. Adults 25c per couple.

The Royal Neighbors will give a card party and dance Monday evening in Eagle Hall. Everybody invited. Admission 25c.

**Cook-Henkel Nuptials**—At high noon today Mary Belle Cook and George H. Henkel, both of Ogden, were united in marriage at the Baptist parsonage, the Rev. H. D. Zim-

**Oracle--Isis--Globe** LADIES' SOUVENIR MATINEE ORACLE AND GLOBE WEDNESDAY. ISIS THEATER THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

ORACLE--ISIS--GLOBE Where the Shows are Always Good

**Daily Arrival of New Fall Goods**

The dainty hand embroidered linen waists at \$3.50 and \$4.00. The strictly tailored waists in pure linen at \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50.

The mannish shirts in dainty stripes and checks at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

New Tailor Suits in the latest materials—Homespun, Hop-sackings, Serges and Broad-cloths.

FALL MILLINERY FOR STREET AND DRESS

**THE M. M. WYKES CO.** 2335 Washington Ave.

merman officiating. The ring ceremony was performed in the presence of only a few. The bride is one of Ogden's trained nurses. Mr. and Mrs. Henkel will be "at home" in Ogden to their friends.

Every act at the Orpheum is a head-liner. See the great show.

**Baby Dies**—The infant son of Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Barber died Saturday. Private services were held at the residence Sunday morning.

Last week's Orpheum show was good, but this week's is better.

**He Wants \$16.50**—In the civil division of the Municipal court this morning P. Stratford commenced suit against Herman Weidman to recover \$16.50 alleged to be due on an account.

Every child should see the show at the Orpheum this week.

**Residence on Eccles Avenue**—James M. Cause, within the next few days will begin the erection of a \$2,500 residence on Eccles avenue, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth street.

Coal, call on Parker & Co., for rates on lump, nut and slack.

**Will Confer With Stockmen**—G. B. Leitz, of the grazing department of the forest service, left for Emmett, Idaho, yesterday for the purpose of meeting with stockmen and others interested in the grazing that is offered on the Payette forest. The questions to be considered will be that of the number of sheep to be permitted on the forest, the individual allotments that shall be made for next year and also differences that exist among the sheepmen regarding grazing privileges.

**Call Allen**, phone 22, for carriages for funerals and operas. Private calls a specialty. Also prompt delivery of baggage. 412 25th.

**New Home on Binford Avenue**—William Harber has perfected plans for a new residence on Binford avenue between Quincy and Jackson. The house will cost \$1,200.

**WANTED—GIRLS at UTAH CANNING FACTORY**, CORNER 29TH AND PACIFIC. FOUR CENTS PER PAIR FOR PEELING.

**Will Hunt Lions**—A. F. Potter, assistant chief forester, left Ogden yesterday for Modena, southern Utah, to consider the advisability of annexing the Pinto and Enterprise forests to the Dixie forest. A request has been made for the consolidation of these forests and Mr. Potter concluded to visit the country in question so as to learn from personal observations as to whether the proposition is a feasible and practicable one. Upon his return home, he and a brother, Fred, are leading a hunting party of shoe lasts of New York City, will take a hunting trip through the Kaibab national forest, which embraces the famous Buckskin mountains. The hunt will be for mountain lions, which, it is said, is said to be numerous about in that part of the state.

**Bad Coal spoils cooks and cooking**. Lewis Good Coal never does. Phones 143.

**Prominent Speaker**—Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, a national representative of the International committee of the Sunday schools of the United States, will give an address to Sunday school workers at the Presbyterian church Tuesday afternoon at 4:30. This will be in connection with the W. C. T. U. convention, but will relate to Sunday school work. As Mrs. Bryner is a leading speaker elsewhere, Ogden is to be congratulated upon the opportunity of hearing her. All Sunday school people are invited.

**Rock Springs, Kemmerer, Castle Gate, Anthracite and Coke**. M. L. Jones Coal Co.

**Word From Supt. Manson**—Superintendent Manson of the Salt Lake division of the Southern Pacific writes that he and his observation party are all enjoying themselves and have met a kindly and cordial reception from the big railroad men of the east. The more prominent roads have all been opened to them in the way of transportation facilities. The party will return to Ogden in about ten days to resume official business.

**Whitney at Rawlins**—Superintendent Whitney returned to Rawlins from Omaha this morning, where he has been attending a meeting of division superintendents of the Union Pacific system, and will probably reach Ogden Tuesday night.

**Broken Ribs and Face**—Dr. Condon must be completely enduring his misfortune, as he sends word that he will be engaged with three broken ribs and a broken face at his home on Jackson during the coming week and is now there entertaining some doctors.

**Taft Saw Uncle Sam**—So perfect was the make-up of a Central school student yesterday in the parade, in representation of "Uncle Sam" that President Taft paid his special respect to the student, in fact, the President leaned over the side of the car to bow his acknowledgments, and bestow that smile that never comes off. The youngster in a car with his sister, was driving a Shetland pony.

**Present for the President**—In behalf of the Sacred Heart academy, Judge A. R. Heywood presented President Taft with a handsome banner, in the center of which was a hand-painted picture of the school. The banner contained the national colors, red, white and blue, the color scheme being beautiful hand-work of the children. The presentation was made to the President while he was in his car at the Union depot just before leaving on the drive through the city. President Taft was pleased with the present and so expressed himself.

**Gifford Pinchot Pleased WITH LOCAL CONDITIONS**

Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot was an Ogden visitor Saturday evening, his visit here being for the purpose of conferring with Forester Leavitt. Mr. Pinchot expressed himself as well pleased with the affairs of the office in this district.

He had nothing to say about the differences between himself and Secretary Ballinger, except that he intended to continue in his line of duty as he understood it and that nothing but a request from the President would lead him to resign his position as chief forester of the nation. He said he did not think President Taft had any thought of calling for his resignation.

Mr. Pinchot said that his stop in Utah at the time of the President's visit was merely a coincidence and that it was not planned, either by himself or the President.

## SIX MEN INJURED IN SMALL WRECK

Eighty Foreigners, Employed on the Ogden Rapid Transit, Riding to Work on a Flat Car Ahead of an Engine Are Suddenly Precipitated to the Ground and Piled in a Heap—Six of Them Taken to the Hospital.

An accident occurred on the Ogden Rapid Transit road at 7 o'clock this morning, as a result of which six Greek and Italian laborers are confined in the Ogden General hospital suffering injuries of a more or less painful character. For a time, at Seventeenth street and Washington avenue, pandemonium among the foreign laborers reigned supreme and the jabbering and jesting was such as to cause an onlooker to believe a riot to be imminent.

The accident was caused through the derailing of the work-car at Washington avenue and Seventeenth street, upon which about eighty workmen, foreigners, were being hauled to the work in progress on the inter-urban line to Plain City. The car was an open one, and it was being driven ahead of an engine. The switch had either been left open at the intersection of the two streets, or a boulder or some other obstruction had made its way into the frog, which turned the flatcar onto the Fair Grounds track, the engine continuing on the main line. The car was thrown crosswise of the track, the sudden stop causing the men who were riding up

on it to slip from the car and pile up in a heap on the ground. The tools and dinner boxes were also thrown from the car.

It is said by eye witnesses that the foreigners, instead of jumping from the moving equipment, simply slid from the car and fell in a bunch. Six of them suffered rather severe bruises and contusions about the head, arms and legs. One of them had a leg broken and another suffered the dislocation of a shoulder joint.

The injured were sent to the hospital for medical treatment. An examination disclosed the fact that none of the men was dangerously injured and that it will be a question of only a few days when all will be able to leave the hospital.

The car upon which the men were riding was not damaged to any particular extent, but it was taken to the barn and another one sent out to take its place. In the meantime, however, the foreigners held a meeting and concluded that the accident was not a good omen for the day, and they all refused to continue the day's labor.

**PASSENGER SURE-THING ROBBED MEN ARE CAUGHT**

BOARDING A TRAIN WHEN PICKETS WERE PICKED.

Three Pickpockets Captured on Sunday, One of Whom Makes a Fight—Depot Men Armed.

Swan Johnson, a passenger on east-bound Union Pacific train No. 4, had his pocket robbed of a wallet as he was boarding the train at Ogden, Saturday night. Fortunately Johnson's ticket was in another pocket and he was enabled to continue on his trip without trouble. He reported the loss to Conductor C. W. Clark and said the wallet contained \$5 in currency, his baggage checks, several tax receipts and other valuable papers.

He maintained that he was caught in a rush or crowd of passengers as the train was about to pull out and relieved of his valuables at that time.

Conductor Clark reported the loss to local railroad headquarters and the matter has since been turned over to the authorities.

Theft and robberies have been frequent occurrences at the Union Depot recently and a determined effort is now being made by Depot Master Shields and his staff to round up the crooks. Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock Clarence Heeth and Passenger Director Matthews detected three pickpockets working the crowd in the waiting room of the depot and arrested two of the men and turned them over to local officials. The third man escaped in the confusion, and one of the two men arrested put up a hard fight before he was subdued. Mr. Shields has now armed his assistants at the depot and gun plays of a serious nature may be expected if crooks endeavor to turn tricks around about the depot in the future.

**END OF OMAHA STRIKE IS NOW IN SIGHT.**

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 27.—While the proposition of the street car company to its striking employees, which was made public last night, had not been considered by the union, it is said that nearly a hundred of the old men reported for work today and were paid on their old rates. This is about 20 per cent of the total number on strike. The proposition is to be taken up at a meeting of the union today.

**KICKING DAY IN CINCINNATI.**

Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 27.—Mayor Galvin, carrying out his idea of uniformity in all things possible, has established a "kicking day" for the residents of Cincinnati. On that day they can go to the city hall and see either him or his secretary.

**If You Knew Positively**

That you could give up a bad habit and take on a good one by a change from coffee to

**POSTUM**

Wouldn't You Do It?

A ten days' trial of well made POSTUM will prove whether or not your ails come from coffee.

It is worth the experiment, for it's keen fun to be well.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Three Pickpockets Captured on Sunday, One of Whom Makes a Fight—Depot Men Armed.

Swan Johnson, a passenger on east-bound Union Pacific train No. 4, had his pocket robbed of a wallet as he was boarding the train at Ogden, Saturday night. Fortunately Johnson's ticket was in another pocket and he was enabled to continue on his trip without trouble. He reported the loss to Conductor C. W. Clark and said the wallet contained \$5 in currency, his baggage checks, several tax receipts and other valuable papers.

He maintained that he was caught in a rush or crowd of passengers as the train was about to pull out and relieved of his valuables at that time.

Conductor Clark reported the loss to local railroad headquarters and the matter has since been turned over to the authorities.

Theft and robberies have been frequent occurrences at the Union Depot recently and a determined effort is now being made by Depot Master Shields and his staff to round up the crooks. Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock Clarence Heeth and Passenger Director Matthews detected three pickpockets working the crowd in the waiting room of the depot and arrested two of the men and turned them over to local officials. The third man escaped in the confusion, and one of the two men arrested put up a hard fight before he was subdued. Mr. Shields has now armed his assistants at the depot and gun plays of a serious nature may be expected if crooks endeavor to turn tricks around about the depot in the future.

**END OF OMAHA STRIKE IS NOW IN SIGHT.**

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 27.—While the proposition of the street car company to its striking employees, which was made public last night, had not been considered by the union, it is said that nearly a hundred of the old men reported for work today and were paid on their old rates. This is about 20 per cent of the total number on strike. The proposition is to be taken up at a meeting of the union today.

**KICKING DAY IN CINCINNATI.**

Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 27.—Mayor Galvin, carrying out his idea of uniformity in all things possible, has established a "kicking day" for the residents of Cincinnati. On that day they can go to the city hall and see either him or his secretary.

**If You Knew Positively**

That you could give up a bad habit and take on a good one by a change from coffee to

**POSTUM**

Wouldn't You Do It?

A ten days' trial of well made POSTUM will prove whether or not your ails come from coffee.

It is worth the experiment, for it's keen fun to be well.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

political principles and party policies. He will no longer affiliate with the Democracy of the land. In an interview with a Standard reporter, Mr. Davis said:

"No, I shall not be a candidate on the Democratic ticket this year. As a matter of fact I shall attend the Republican primaries and do what I can for the advancement of that political organization. You are at liberty to quote me in this matter. I have experienced a change of heart, insofar as the politics of the country are concerned, and this change necessarily places me in the Republican ranks."

It is talked today that the friends of David E. Tracy and David W. Evans of the Second ward will insist upon their nomination for the city council on the Democratic ticket. It is also announced that Dick Taylor, of the postal service, will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for city recorder.

The action of Mayor Brewer in closing the gambling houses in the city is but a small comment, both among Democrats and Republicans, the conjecture being life as to why the mayor did such a thing, and also, as to what the result will be politically.

Now a planet must not only have climate and water. It also needs an atmosphere to support life. Mars from its size has only one-third the force of gravity of our earth. Now, as our air is composed of oxygen and hydrogen (oxygen being most unstable) it seems that the force of gravity on Mars is not strong enough to hold atmosphere like our own. For gravity there is so weak that three tons of our coal would only weigh a ton there. More over the absence of any clouds save at the poles shows that the air there is very rare. We know, however, that all life here readily adapts itself to the most rare atmosphere. At Cerro de Pasco, Peru, the richest silver mines in the world are located. The elevation is 14,275 feet and only the Indians, who, for ages, have lived on the summits, can work them and the smaller which stands at that elevation. We know, too, that some animal life can only live in the denseness of the bottom of the deepest sea, where under the pressure of two miles or more of water they have lived so long that to come to the lighter water of the surface is death. Therefore we cannot say that the rare air of Mars is a barrier to life. So with water, climate and rare air, it is very probable that the color changes and lines on Mars are due to vegetation. Supposition is strengthened by the fact that the day on Mars is almost like our own. Mars having 24 and one-fourth hours in a day. The season there, as we said, has 687 days. Mars also has two small moons that revolve very close to the planet.

Now pray tell me, hearer, what is an "ordinary" planet or star. You who pass the heavens by as nothing turning from these great beauties to tell me, I pray you, can you derive one-tenth the real joy or good from your form of amusement as the one who loves and studies nature?

And you who do not believe in God and regard not His moral law, tell me how you explain His heavens and the wondrous precision of His moral law. Tell me, men, say, "We have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him." Learn of them and go and do thou likewise.

**MARS IS A BEAUTIFUL STAR**

REV. CARVER SPEAKS ON THE CELESTIAL WONDERS.

Canals of Mars May Be Vegetation—Planet Warmer Than Earth With Light Atmosphere.

Speaking from the text, "We have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him," Rev. Carver said:

We can but honor the faith of these men who braved scoffs and sneers from those about them to travel to a distant land and seek a heavenly king. Their reason being, "We have seen His star. We cannot tell today just what that star was. We can only honor the faith of those who followed the sign. We do, however, marvel that the people of today can see as these men saw the stars of God in the heavens and never seek Him, for surely it is a far greater token of God's matchless power to keep an orb like Mars in the heavens for long ages, and cause it to sweep through great circles with an accuracy man's best timepiece does not rival."

We know that the sun, 866,000 miles in diameter, is the center of our solar system which has Neptune, 2,300,000,000 miles from the sun, outer planet. Counting from the sun as center, Mercury, 36,000,000 miles from it and whose year is only 88 days, is the first planet. Next comes Venus, 67,200,000 miles from the sun. Now as Venus is 7,700 miles in diameter and comes within 26,000,000 miles of the earth we would think it would be our brightest star. But Venus is between the earth and the sun and so loses the direct light. The third planet, Earth, is 7,926,000 miles from the sun, and having a diameter of 7,913 miles. Then comes Mars, a small planet, being only 4,200 miles in diameter and 141,500,000 miles from the earth. Now all the planets swing around the sun, not in circles, but in ellipses or elongated circles. This brings them nearer the sun and each other at times than their distance would indicate, and so Mars varies from 35,900,000 to 234,000,000 miles from the earth. Just now Mars is at its nearest point to us, which it reaches once every fifteen years. You saw Mars and the moon tonight. The moon was 2363 miles in diameter and swung in an ellipse about the earth from 232,922 to 221,618 miles from us, but it was shining with a borrowed light and therefore not as brilliant as the much more distant Mars.

We shall never forget seeing Mars through a good telescope. Its beauty is its brilliant coloring. You can note the color in it now even with a naked eye. The first peculiarity about the planet is that the poles are covered with ice, which corresponds to the winter of its 687-day year, are white. Then this whiteness dissolves and vapor clouds appear while streaky lines indicate, and so Mars varies from 35,900,000 to 234,000,000 miles from the earth. Just now Mars is at its nearest point to us, which it reaches once every fifteen years. You saw Mars and the moon tonight. The moon was 2363 miles in diameter and swung in an ellipse about the earth from 232,922 to 221,618 miles from us, but it was shining with a borrowed light and therefore not as brilliant as the much more distant Mars.

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The Cheapest That is Good to the Very Best That Can Be Made

\$30

\$90



## MADE IN PADUCAH

We build all our buggies from choice second-growth hickory in wheels, shafts and gear parts, with all Norway iron forgings; poplar panels and hardwood frames in bodies and seats; the best of trimmings throughout; elegantly painted in any of the popular shades to suit customer.

We carry a large stock of finished vehicles on our Repository floors for inspection.

## HARDY BUGGY CO.

(Incorporated.)

Ninth and Harrison Sts., Paducah, Ky.

### GET BUSY AND CLEAN HOUSE.

Everybody Asked to Co-operate in Making City and Homes Sanitary.

Get busy and clean house. This is the advice given by the Board of Health. Do it now, they say, and keep up the dust-driving and vermin-exterminating crusade.

### N. Y. SAMPLE SHOE STORE

We have just received a full line of men's sample low cuts consisting of the Famous, Crossett, Walk-Over and Bostonian shoes. Also ladies' and children's oxfords and pumps of all styles. All at Half Price. MORRIS KLEIN 132 Broadway.

until your cellar is as clean as your parlor, and attic as sanitary as the kitchen. This is the time to get rid of the winter's accumulation of rubbish and dirt. Disease will be prevented, the fly pestilence decreased and the death rate also if everyone will turn in and cleanse their premises with soap and water, and kill off the vermin such as cockroaches, water bugs, etc., with some good exterminator.

Every housewife knows the advantage of a liberal use of soap and water at this time of the year in house cleaning, but there are a few do not appreciate the great need of a liberal use of some good exterminator which will rid the house of cockroaches, water bugs and other vermin which litter up the home and create dirt.

With the warm weather comes the

breeding season for these repulsive insects. Get a quarter's worth of some good cockroach paste from your dealer and by killing off the cockroaches now the home will be free from them the rest of the year. Do not stop with the house alone. Clear the yard of encumbrances, and see that old boxes, papers and useless objects are gotten rid of. Now is the time to clean house.

Malaria Makes Pale Sickly Children. The Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out malaria and builds up the system. For grown people and children, 50c.

"Well, Tam, did ye make any guid resolutions for the New Year?"

"Aye, I've ta'en ma oath no' tae touch whisky again except as a medicine."

"Eh, Tam, then I'm feared ye've condemned yersel' tae a life o' sickness."—TIT-BITS.

When In

DAWSON

Stop at

RICH HOUSE

One block from Hamby Well.

\$1 per day; \$6 a week.

### Complete Stock

Star and Diamond

Casings and Tubes

We carry a full line of the regular stock sizes Star and Diamond Casings and Tubes and will be pleased to order any special brand wanted.

We also have a good stock of ALL OTHER AUTO ACCESSORIES—EXCEPT GASOLINE.

Tops and Wind Shields furnished to order to fit any make or style of car.

The

J. E. Rogers Company

129 N. Third St.

Agents for the Maxwell.

## TWO BI-PLANES WERE WRECKED

WILLARD AND CURTISS HAVE MISHAPS AT MEMPHIS.

Crashed Into Fence; Damage Not Great and Neither Aviator Badly Hurt.

### "BUD" MARS SPRINGS SENSATION

Memphis, April 11.—With two accidents and a spectacular two mile flight by "Bud" Mars and Glenn Curtiss as headliners, the aviators at the Tri-State fair grounds presented the banner program of the entire meet yesterday afternoon.

Charles F. Willard's accident was the big sensation of the day.

Glenn H. Curtiss, while making a landing crashed into the arena fence and broke the front plane and supporting wires of his bi-plane, "Miss Memphis."

J. C. Mars sprang into fame in the aviation world and brought the cheering thousands to their feet when he circled the track twice at a height of over three hundred feet and then added new laurels to his crown by tying the world's quick starting record, made by Curtiss Thursday.

Both accomplishments are made all the more sensational by the fact that Mars used the small four-cylinder, twenty-five horse power bi-plane, while Curtiss, in making the record and in circling the track, used his big racer bi-plane. This machine has eight cylinders and develops fifty horse power.

Willard's accident put his machine completely out of commission.

The accident occurred on the first flight.

Starting from the aviation shed he attempted to circle the track. He had reached a height of two hundred and fifty feet when his engine stopped. It quickly started again, however, and the aviator headed for the curve.

Willard Wrecks Machine.

While making the turn the engine again stopped.

The bi-plane shot through space like a thunderbolt, every plane spread for the glide. Striking the ground it lifted and crashed into the fence.

Willard was slightly injured while the front plane of his machine was wrecked. Braces, lifting plane controller and the bamboo frame were shattered to splinters.

The aviator crawled out of the wreck and was surveying the damage when newspaper men arrived upon the scene.

"Please don't take a picture of this," he called out, "it won't help matters any. I'm not hurt, anyway."

But the photographers were not of this opinion, as for several seconds the battery of cameras popped like machine guns.

Ten minutes later the second accident of the day occurred.

Curtiss Goes Into Fence.

Starting from the identical spot that Willard made his "get-away" on his ill-fated flight, Glenn Curtiss, in his Gordon Bennett cup defender left the ground and followed the same course.

Passing high above the wreck of Willard's machine at the three-quarter mile post, Curtiss headed south toward the horse show arena.

He shut off his engine for a high glide. The bi-plane struck the ground with great force, swung around and headed directly for the fence. Curtiss shouted a warning to the spectators, who scattered just as the collision came. When several feet from the fence, the aviator leaped from the machine and threw his force against it, saving it, no doubt, from a fate similar to Willard's.

His lifting plane was badly twisted and several bamboo supports broken. Forty-five minutes' work by a corps of machinists sufficed to put "Miss Memphis" in flying condition again.

"I can't imagine what caused my accident," said Curtiss. "If I had had any warning that it was coming, I could have guarded the machine from any damage whatever."

Curtiss had rolled along on the ground for fifteen or twenty feet before "Miss Memphis" began to misbehave.

Mars Springs Surprise.

But "Bud" Mars sprung the surprise of the day.

He was the first to appear on the field. He rolled his machine from the aviation shed to the arena, and then took a short flight over to the north end of the field.

Mars, whose first public flight was made in Memphis Thursday has been anxious to circle the track for several days. He was advised not to make the attempt by other aviators, as his machine is only a four-cylinder, twenty-five horse power affair, and was not considered powerful enough to make the short turn necessitated by cramped conditions at the fair grounds.

But Mars was confident that he could accomplish the feat.

Steering directly south toward the grand stand, he ascended to a height of 150 feet.

When the crowd realized that it was the "baby aviator" sailing so majestically toward them, a shout of applause was sent up to greet him.

Instead of gliding to the earth in

## Big Feature Attraction!

# STAR THEATRE

Week Beginning

MONDAY APR. 11

Special Engagement of

## EARL E. COLVIN

The Boy Wonder Hypnotist and Company of Five People, Presenting the Only Lady Subject in Her Line

Startling - Mysterious - Wonderful

### Change of Program Daily

During the entire week, with the young man giving full demonstrations in hypnotic science and physical influence, which is one of the most puzzling forces that science has ever attempted to explain.

### YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THIS

Wonderfully interesting and screamingly funny show, for it is worth many times the price of admission. Special features for every day of the week. Prof. Colvin will break a 400 pound stone over the breast of a lady suspended on the backs of two chairs. He will perform the Human Arc Light, consisting of passing a full current of electricity through a carbon held in the mouth of a hypnotized subject and forming an arc light within six inches of the subject's head, and many other marvelous and fun-producing feats.

In Addition to the Above Great Feature Act for First Three Days Only

## Sutton & Sutton

In their new act entitled "The Rube, the Girl and the Pumpkin." This act is just off the big orpheum time where they were headliners.

Two Thousand Feet of Moving Pictures and an Illustrated Song Sung by FRANK LONG

### Price of Admission

Night Prices		Afternoon Prices	
Adults	15c	Adults	10c
Children	10c	Children	5c

Owing to the enormous extra expense of the above feature attractions it is necessary to advance the night prices of admission.

## SEE THE MILK BOTTLE TEST

front of the stand, Mars threw his lifting plane up and adding a few hundred feet to his altitude, headed directly for the south curve, making the turn as gracefully as a bird.

He made a perfect landing in the north end of the field, ten feet away from his starting point.

Mars Has Accident.

Memphis, April 11.—J. C. Mars, an amateur aviator, at the aviation meet here lost control of his Curtiss bi-plane while 75 feet in the air and plunged down into an automobile in the center field of the course.

Three women and two children narrowly escaped death. Mars was only slightly injured. The canopy top over the touring car saved the occupants. Only one was slightly injured. The bi-plane was wrecked.

### A Bed Of Bayonets.

A certain devotee in India shows his religious zeal by lying on a row of bayonets. As long as he keeps rigid he is not hurt, but when he happens to move one of his legs the point of a bayonet pierces his skin. As the man was trained to perform

this feat from childhood, no doubt his skin is somewhat thicker than that of an ordinary man.—Credit.

The biggest hand can not hide the heavens.

When no money is spent there no grace is gained.

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TWO REELS AND SONG

Continuous 7:30 to 10 O'clock. 5c Best Seats

Coming Saturday Afternoon and Night

Wolgast-Nelson

Four shows—2:30 and 4 p. m.; evening 7:45 and 9:15. Four thousand feet of fighting films.

Price for this day only 25c









### SPECIAL SALE

## LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

- Lot 1---Consisting of Drawers, Skirts, Gowns, Chemise and Corset Covers, values 65 and 75c, this sale **49c**  
 Lot 2---All Garments, value \$1.00, this sale **79c**  
 Lot 3---Skirts and Gowns, value \$1.25 and \$1.50, this sale **98c**  
 Lot 4---Skirts and Gowns, value \$1.75 and \$2.00, this sale **\$1.49**

At present price of Domestic, this is about cost of material.

SALE BEGINS 8:30.

## W. J. & B. Forbes

## PORTO RICANS "CATCHING ON"

Very Quickly Becoming  
Very Thoroughly Americanized at Heart.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says:

Americanization of the people of Porto Rico, through the education of the sons and daughters of wealthy Porto Ricans in the colleges of this country, is winning the battle for the United States in overcoming the prejudices of the people against the American rule. This is the opinion of Col. T. J. Hamill, commandant of the insular police of Porto Rico, who is at the Hotel Denechaud, en route to Washington to confer with President Roosevelt. Colonel Hamill has been at the head of the police department of the island for about four years, having been appointed by Gov. William H. Hunt while serving as a captain of the Porto Rican cavalry.

"It is a noteworthy factor in the study of the people of Porto Rico," he said, "how education in the United States has obliterated the prejudices which formerly existed toward Americans. The young men and women of the families, particularly the former, are being sent to the United States by the hundreds to be educated, and when they are graduated they bring back their American customs. In time they Americanize the members of their families, until the father, who has hitherto been making his periodical trips to Spain to procure his merchandise, goes to New York or New Orleans for his supplies. It is a peaceful conquest, in which the cultivation of the intellect of the younger generation has won the battle. Throughout the island also the government has established first class schools for the children, so that they are fast becoming worthy candidates for citizenship in our great nation."

The One Drawback.  
"That is the one drawback to the friendship of the islanders that is, the better class, for there are those of the lower classes who have not been educated up to the American idea of reform and progress and still have a bitter hatred for this country and its ways. They want to become full citizens of this country and to enjoy all the rights and privileges accorded Americans in the States. They are trying now to have Congress give them the right to have their own senate and house of representatives in the same way as the territories, and send delegates to Washington. Many of them are worthy of the honor. I hope they will get citizenship."

"The police system of the island is in excellent condition, and the order is as perfect as it is in many of the states of the Union. I have 1,000 men under my charge, and with a few exceptions all my subordinates are Porto Ricans. I have my interpreter and two other American officers, but the men and officers, both commissioned and noncommissioned, are natives. I have no complaint to make of their work. They are honest, faithful and trustworthy. There is no sign of dissension among them, and I do not think there is the slightest danger or even thought of a revolution. I will be absent from the country until next November, and the work is in charge of my assistant."

"The administration of the corps

## WM. JOHNSON & SON

MONDAY MORNING, 9 O'CLOCK SHARP

Remnant Sale of Table Linen, bleached and half bleached, 2, 2½ and 3 yards long, regardless of what they cost.

Sacrifice Sale of Silks—Fancy Silks, 75c quality, now 59c; \$1.25 quality, now 75c.

Sacrifice Sale of Light-Weight Woolens, Black and Blue, \$1.25 quality, now 75c; 75c quality, now 59c.

Sacrifice Sale of Light-Weight Silks—China Silks, worth 50c, now 25c; Banzi Silk, worth 50c, now 25c; Silk Organdie, worth 50c, now 25c.

### ATTENTION!

Our buyer will leave for the eastern markets in a few days. Any orders entrusted to him will receive his special attention.

## WM. JOHNSON & SON

is military. The men are in companies and have the same regulations as obtain in the army of our country. They are divided into companies for each of the seven districts and each district has three precincts. Each precinct is divided into posts. The men start out at night and go up and down the country roads, so that 400 of them are patrolling the island, covering every secluded spot to prevent possibility of crime. The remainder are on duty during the day. The night force rides a certain distance from each side of the island until it meets the force from the other side, and then returns by a different road, after having compared notes with the men from the other side. In this way almost all the roads are patrolled and the danger of crime minimized.

Crime Diminishing.  
"Crime is constantly diminishing in

the island, and the proportion this year is many times less than it was four years back. This year there have been but three executions, and the number of murders has been slightly in addition to that number. Thievery is becoming much less common, and the former practice of robbery and ambushing are practically unknown. It was once the case that if an American soldier or marine strolled unwittingly into a dark street after 9 o'clock at night his body was found in some secluded spot several days afterwards. None of this exists, and an American is safe at all times and places on the island.

Col. Hamill was a noncommissioned officer in the Fifth United States Cavalry during the Spanish-American war, and was several times commended for gallant and meritorious conduct under fire in Cuba. Af-

ter the declaration of peace he was given a commission as captain of the Porto Rican constabulary, and when the position of superintendent of the insular police became vacant his friends procured for him that situation. Col. Hamill became acquainted with his Grace, Archbishop Blenk while the latter was in Porto Rico, and the archbishop called upon him after his arrival here Tuesday night on the steamship Arkadia. Col. Hamill will lunch with his Grace today, having remained in New Orleans a day longer than he intended in order to avail himself of that pleasure.

Read The Journal's Want Columns this morning. They contain valuable information.

## Still Searching For the Inhabitants of Mars

It is now forty years since Schiaparelli was so certain that he had discovered canals on Mars that he proceeded to describe them. The astronomers of those days—numbered with grave and polite incredulity, but time has proved that the clever Italian was only that which may be seen by others. Since that day those canals or channels, as Schiaparelli termed them, have been seen by many astronomers, both professional and amateur, and at the present time no one doubts their existence except perhaps those who still cling to the "sun do move" theory of Uncle Jasper.

But those canals are not the less mysterious on account of their singleness. They show themselves to dwellers on the earth at certain seasons and under certain conditions. They are a fruitful and thus far fruitless source of conjecture both to the astronomers and to those whose imaginations go far beyond the observations of the astronomers, who are as a class the most prudent men alive. For twenty years the American astronomers have been making wonderful appearances in the planet Mars a special study at the observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz. This observatory is provided with a fine twenty-four inch telescope, the largest in the world at its elevation, 7,250 feet above the sea. It is on account of this altitude and the remarkable clearness and dryness of the atmosphere that this Arizona observatory has long been regarded by experts as the point at which some of the most baffling of the questions concerning Mars are likely to be settled.

### Foremost in the Quest.

Professor Percival Lowell, director of the observatory at Flagstaff, has long been foremost in this effort to solve the Martian secret. For a long time his deductions were not accepted by the more conservative scientists, and his photographs of the canals of Mars were discredited. In time, however, other observers secured successful photographs, and Professor Lowell's observations were confirmed both in America and abroad. One of the most scholarly and trustworthy investigators has been the Abbe Moreaux, director of the observatory of Bourges, who has constructed a map of Mars which is a model of ingenuity. Professor Lowell has also made one which shows no less than 400 canals and 175 oases. The best photographs show only about forty canals and four oases, but the eye is superior to photographic plates in de-

termining Mars and our planet. Its seasons, axis of rotation and other phenomena present many resemblances to those of the earth. The discovery in 1877 that Mars has two satellites added to these similarities. All these things suggest to astronomers—Professor Lowell is now the most advanced in his school—that Mars may be inhabited.

and that we may some time find out a great deal about the planet and its geography. And now that these various and sundry canals are found, what are they, after all? There seems to be a remarkable difference of opinion on this point. Some astronomers regard them as actual waterways on such a com-

prehensible scale that in comparison the greatest canals on earth would seem insignificant. Some observers, notably the Abbe Moreaux and his school, have suggested that these mysterious appearances may be merely tracts of land. Others regard them as lines of vegetation growing along big irrigation works. Still another school sees in

them great rifts on the surface due to the cooling and consequent contraction of the planet. I have no complaint to tell us all about them. It is to Professor Lowell that the world looks for an intelligent clearing up of the mystery.

Having established by actual photographic proof that the canals do exist, it is incumbent on the discoverers to tell us all about them. It is to Professor Lowell that the world looks for an intelligent clearing up of the mystery.

starting conclusion in regard to the probable conditions on Mars.

Lowell's Startling Theory.

For this man who has devoted his strength and his time and his money to the solution of the Martian problem is the chief advocate of the theory that the canals are elaborate engineering

works undertaken for purposes of irrigation. What the telescope shows us, he declares, is not water, but vegetation that has been made possible by water conducted to the scene in channels too narrow to be seen from the earth. Professor Lowell has made even more startling deductions. He is of the opinion that these geometrical canals

have been dug by intelligent beings, perhaps far in advance of man in general knowledge and special attainment. These inhabitants of Mars naturally must live along the strips of vegetation bordering the waterways, for all the remainder of Mars' surface must be desert. This means that these oases are centers of population, even cities.

courses of the canals and has found that one of them is 3,450 miles in length. Besides it the Panama canal and all the irrigation canals now under construction in this country are trivial indeed.

It is for the sake of his theories that Percival Lowell has made this study of Mars his life work. It was for this purpose that he established the observatory in Arizona, the subsequent station in Mexico and more recently the Andean point of observation, from which some of the most satisfactory photographs have just been taken by Professor Todd, his enthusiastic assistant. Endowed with money, brains and the ardor of an enthusiast, no man is better equipped for the undertaking. The world expects great things of Professor Percival Lowell.

JAMES E. TAYLOR.

### A BIG CLOCK.

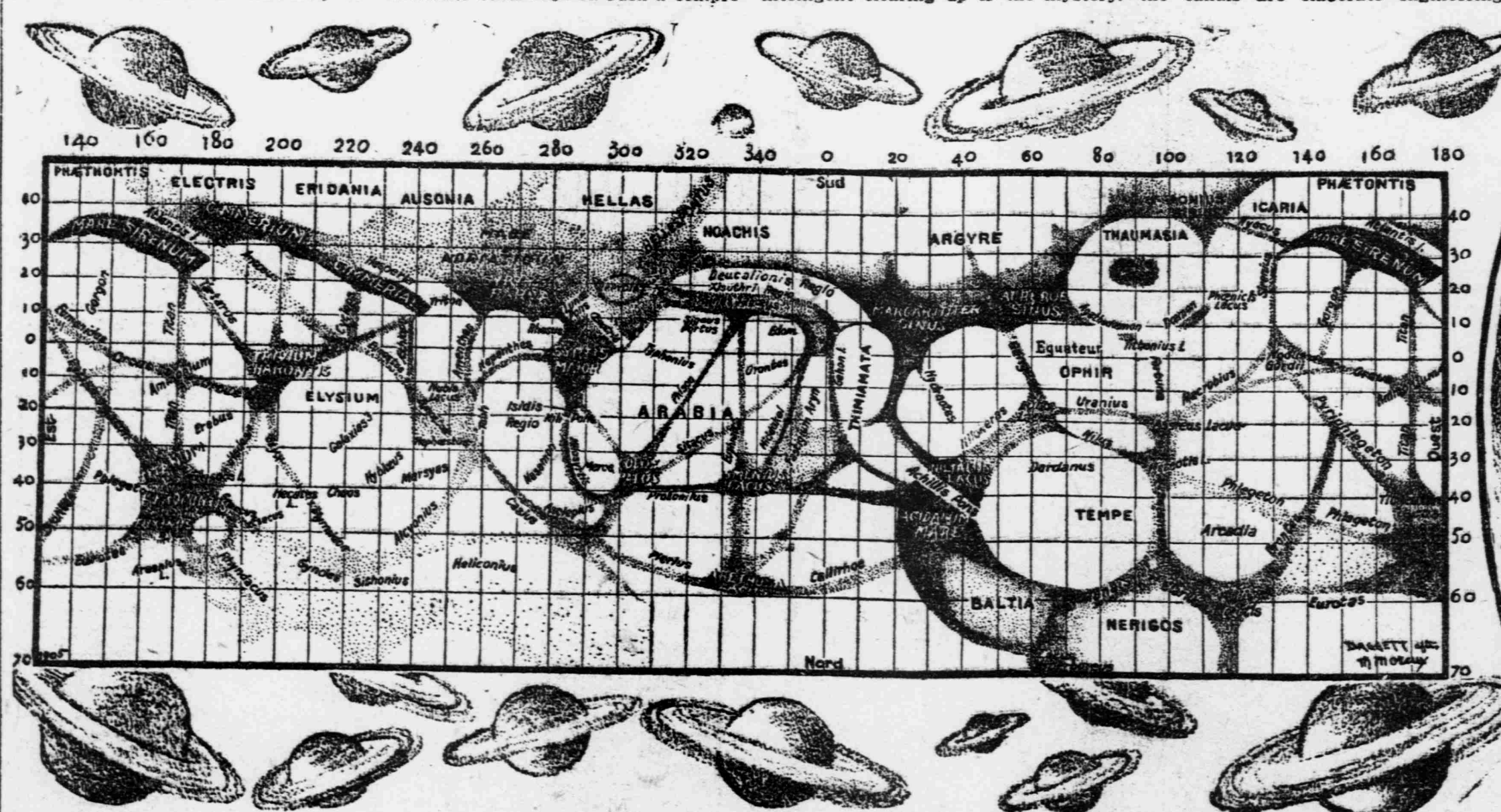
What is said to be one of the largest clocks in the world has been placed in the new tower at Elizabeth, N. J. It is thirty-eight feet in diameter, with eighteen foot hands. The tower, which is 330 feet high, was built expressly for the clock, which will be illuminated at night and will be visible for many miles.

### SAMUEL PEPPY'S SUNDAY.

Samuel Peppy describes a seventeenth century Sunday outing, and the tale has a very modern ring in it. "Lord's day," he writes, "up, and my wife a little before 4 to make us ready." And here he records his annoyance that "she was so long about it." Peppy then goes on: "She ready, and taking some bottles of wine and beer and cold fowls with us." Coach and four horses from London to Epson, where they arrived at 8 o'clock, drank the waters, ordered dinner and ate it. "A good dinner and very merry." After dinner, "the day being wonderful hot to sleep."

Then followed a coach to "take the ayre," when they met a shepherd with a little boy, reading the Bible "with the forced tone that children do usually read that was mighty pretty." The shepherd "did bless God" for that boy. Then to the coach, it being about 7 at night.

So pleased was Peppy with his day's results that he records this resolution: "Never to keep a country house, but to keep a coach, and, with my wife on a Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place and then quit to another place, and there is more variety and a little change and no trouble as there is in a country house."



ABBE MOREAUX'S MAP OF THE SURFACE OF MARS.



PERCIVAL LOWELL.







# New Theory of Mars' Canals.

## Astronomer Burnham Thinks That They Have Been Mismamed.

While Sherburne Wesley Burnham, who is only one of Chicago's astronomers, but perhaps the most distinguished of them all, professes to have no very definite and unalterable opinion as to whether the planet Mars has artificial canals or not that can be seen from this earth, he yet does not hesitate to say that Schiaparelli, who first thought he saw them, was unfortunate in the name he gave them. A canal on our earth is a thing made by human hands, and when canals are declared to be on Mars the idea is perforce carried that they, too, were constructed by beings that must have some resemblance to man. This was not Schiaparelli's idea, or if it ever once occurred to his mind he never insisted on it. He did see on Mars lines that suggested canals, and hence he named them canals, but how they came to be there, what their use was, and all that, he did not say nor pretend to know. Mr. Burnham, while deferring somewhat to the opinion of other astronomers who have given more attention to the subject than he has yet been able to give it, inclines to the opinion that if the name "canal" had not been applied to Schiaparelli's discovery observers that followed him would have been a long time in coming to the conclusion that artificial canals are on Mars that can be seen from this earth.

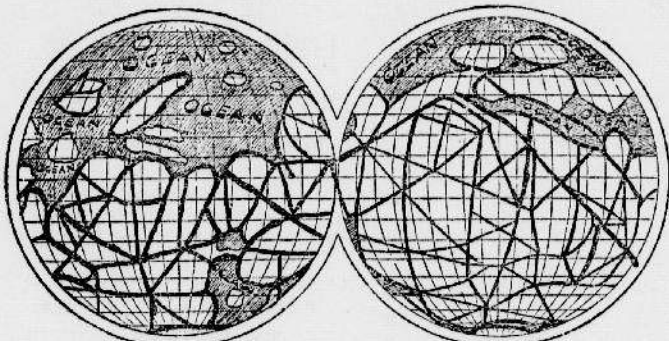
Mr. Burnham admits that great interest attaches to the subject, even in the minds of skeptical astronomers, and far greater interest has it for unscientific people. There is so strong a probability that some of the other planets are inhabited by intelligent and working beings, and so taking is the notion that mankind has a race cousin dwelling on Mars, that whenever the possibility of this is suggested, men and women of all degrees of enlightenment eagerly hope that it all may be true. In the United States, latterly, rather more of popular interest is taken in the subject than in Europe, by reason of the recent studies and delightful writings of Mr. Lowell. He seems to require no further or better evidence than he has already discovered that the Martian canals are artificial. From his tower of telescope observation at Flagstaff, Ariz., he may yet discover further evidence, which will be sufficient to convince everybody.

But there are other American writers than Mr. Lowell on the subject, and the very latest is author of "Astron-

mountains and filling up valleys may be seen active anywhere between western Nebraska and the Pacific ocean.) Then he assumes that the continents upon Mars resemble the flat country of Holland, and asserts that the inhabitants have to protect their shores by dams similar to those built by the Dutch. They have, therefore, built dams along their coasts, while at the same time they have tried to lead the sea water into the interior of the continents by means of waterways and canals. Fortunately for the inhabitants, after the dams are built the canals do not have to be dug, but let in the water and it will flow between the dams up and down the continent. And he explains the changed appearance from time to time of the network of canals by saying that when one of the larger canals has given up much water to the lesser ones it feeds it must become shallower and consequently fainter in appearance, and as soon as it gets more water from the sea it becomes darker and visible again.

Leo Brenner is a man of science and in good standing among the astronomers, and hence his theory respecting the Martian canals is attracting a good deal of attention. It is but a theory, of course, for nothing is absolutely known concerning the supposed inhabitants and canals upon Mars, and it is next to certain that nothing ever will be known. Some are looking forward to a time when larger or more powerful telescopes will be made and pointed at the heavens. At such a time, many are thinking, we shall be able to see important things on the planets that are now invisible. But this is not at all certain to come to pass. Mr. Burnham is of the opinion that the practical limit to the power of telescopes has been attained. Not that larger telescopes, with higher magnifying power, may not be constructed, but that our atmosphere presents difficulties that are increased proportionately to the increase of magnification.

Mr. Burnham is not, it should be said, specially interested in Mars, and it might be better to consult Mr. Lowell or some other man that is devoted to the subject. Chicago's most noted astronomer is a famous hunter of double stars, and he has catalogued more of these, by 100, than any other man. He is hunting still, for he makes a trip, every other week, to the Yerkes telescope at Geneva, and his looking is frequently rewarded by some new find.



MAP OF MARS, SHOWING THE CANALS.  
(Drawn from Photo.)

omy" in the "Useful Stories Series," published by D. Appleton & Co. This author accounts in a simple manner for the canals on Mars. In his opinion they were made in course of long ages by water from the melting snow and ice around the poles distributing itself over the continents. That is his guess. But in Germany is another new guesser—Leo Brenner—who is out with a most interesting theory, which, if true, accounts in a quite human way for the canals.

Leo Brenner feels certain that Mars is inhabited by beings in some respects resembling ourselves. He recognizes this resemblance in what he calls the stupendous irrigation system on Mars. The amount of work expended on irrigation shows, in his view, that the inhabitants are very dissimilar to ourselves, since human beings would be incapable of performing such labor—or if not potentially incapable, conditions are such on this earth that it would never need to be performed, only in very limited sections. He believes that the people of Mars live in perpetual fear of a water famine, and that the network of canals wards off the danger. Of course, then, he believes that the canals are artificial and in his publication lately made on the subject he attempts to explain away some difficulties that have been considered by many as insurmountable. He finds a reason why the supposed inhabitants of Mars should have dug canals of such extraordinary breadth, and why no mountain chains hindered the straight-lined direction of almost all the canals. Mars, he says, must be many hundreds of millions years older than the earth, and it is also considerably smaller, so that its surface must have become leveled up in the course of ages, the debris from the mountains gradually filling up the valleys until the surface has become a flat plain, a state of things to which our earth will ultimately attain. (This process of wearing down

It is, therefore, but reasonable that he be inquired of concerning celestial objects, including Mars. The other day he was inquired of, the first question put to him being: "Do you think the canals upon Mars are artificial?" Answer: "We don't know that there are canals upon Mars." The next question was, "What degree of dissimilarity to ourselves is it possible the inhabitants of Mars possess?" Answer: "We don't know that there are inhabitants upon Mars." Thinking that he should not be allowed to escape so, his questioner followed him up with this: "Well, if there are inhabitants upon Mars, is it probable that they have built canals that can be seen from this earth?" He got this for his pains: "My dear sir, you recall to my mind one of Lord Dunsany's droll questions, 'Does your brother like cheese?' 'I have no brother.' 'But if you had a brother would he like cheese?' Nothing, I repeat, is absolutely known about Mars' inhabitants, if it have any, nor about its canals, if it have them."

### Kitty in a Mail Bag.

The officials of the Oakland postoffice were startled this morning to discover a small kitten in a registered mail pouch from San Francisco. Besides the feline there were a number of heavy packages in the pouch. When it was opened by the postoffice employees, who were attracted by a mewling noise, the kitten jumped out in a playful manner, much to the amusement of those present. It is believed the kitten crawled into the pouch while it was in the San Francisco post office. The pouch was thrown off the train at the Sixteenth street depot when the train was speeding at the rate of forty miles an hour.—San Francisco Call.

Woman is called the weaker vessel presumably because she is leaky and lets out all the secrets she hears.

### JOSEPHINE A MASCOT.

The Excitement She Created at Camp Wikoff Sunday.

Camp Wikoff.—An exciting episode relieved the tedium of camp life for the cowboy soldiers Sunday. The interest began the night before, when Josephine, the mountain lioness mascot of Troop A, got loose and nearly killed a horse. Josephine was a kitten when given to the Arizona troop, and taken south by it as far as Tampa. Now she is nearly half grown, and able to kill a horse. So when she slipped her collar the other night she made directly for the horses of the Second Cavalry, which were the nearest she saw. She had just jumped on a horse and was on the point of burying her teeth in the neck when a cavalryman ran out with a club. He chased her to some undergrowth to the north of the camp and was belaboring her with the stick, when some of the Rough Riders came to her rescue and took her back to her cage and chain. "Curious how they love horse flesh," said a big, whiskered Arizonian, as a knot of them gathered around Josephine and discussed this new development in her character. "Once let the critter get a taste of a colt, and she'll never eat anything but horses. You can poison them, but you must use lots of strychnine. There's only one thing they're afraid of—dogs. The littlest flea that ever harked will make one of them turn tail. They don't come after a man unless he wounds them, and then they would attack a whole regiment. I shot one while hunting in the Grand Canyon once. The bullet passed through his throat, and just missed his eyes red with rage. I shot nine bullets into him before he dropped dead. Just before I fired the last shot the lion made a thirty-foot leap toward me from a bank. He measured nine feet and a half in length from nose to tail." Josephine submits to petting with a fairly good grace. Once in a while she will spring around and open her great mouth to hiss. Her favorite playmate is Cuba, a woolly terrier, which the Rough Riders say was the first over the Spanish lines at San Juan. Josephine antipathy to dogs does not seem to extend to Cuba, with whom she frolics. An offer was made Troop A of \$300 for its mascot. There was a later offer of \$400, but both were refused, as the troop is determined to take Josephine back to Prescott.—New York Tribune.

### A NURSE'S STORY.

The Boy Was Dead With the Smile on His Lips.

Said one soft-eyed night nurse, according to Collier's Weekly: "Oh, if you could have seen my first patient! He was a lovely boy of 19 from somewhere out on the Mexican border. In the four days in which he was under my charge I grew very attached to him, but suddenly, when I was perfectly sure he would soon get well, a violent change came, and, in spite of every care, he died. My heart failed me completely, but there was no time for weakness. Too many cases were needing attention. I was put in another ward temporarily and took especial charge of one very peculiar patient. He lay stolidly staring at me without a particle of expression in his eye, and by his apathy rather than by real opposition refused all nourishment and medicine. I couldn't induce him to speak at first, and it took ten minutes of coaxing to persuade him to swallow a teaspoonful of beef tea. Finally he did so, however, and, after another five minutes, he consented to take another and then another, the stolid expression changing into one of intelligence. If you could have seen the change! Why, he laughed and joked and smiled such grimaces that my orderly and I were convulsed with laughter, and even the weak men on the neighboring cots feebly joined in the laugh. His nonsense was absolutely contagious; so much so that at last I was obliged to slip away into the dispensary to give him an opportunity to sober down, and incidentally to prepare some malted milk. When I returned, five minutes later, his expression was still a laughing one, and the orderly, although attending another patient, gave me a knowing smile as I leaned over the weak man's cot. But this time the patient did not speak. He was dead, with the smile still on his lips and a strange, half-mischievous wink lingering about his eyes."

### Why She Sought the Office.

"So you are a candidate for mayor, are you?" inquired a friend of a western village maid, whose years were rather more certain than otherwise. "What salary does the office pay?" "Oh," replied the female standard bearer, "there is no salary at all; but you see the mayor has authority to advertise for proposals, and—" "Yes, I think I see," interrupted the other.

### GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

- Try cranberries for malaria.
- Try a sun bath for rheumatism.
- Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgia pain, and renew frequently.
- Try buttermilk for the removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains.
- Try hard cider—a wineglassful three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.
- Try taking cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.
- Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go against a piercing wind.
- Try a cloth wrung out of cold water, put about the neck at night, for a sore throat.
- Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.
- Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping cough.

### BLEW UP THE MAINE.

WOMAN IN LEWISTOWN SAW THE DARK DEED.

Has Wonderful Gift as a Seer and in Her Slumbers Beheld Every Step of the International Crime of the Century.



HE weird story of Mathias, the Polish Jew, who convicted himself of the murder of the peddler, while under the hands of the hypnotist, may be outdone in this modern day by the revelations a woman has made on the horrors of the Maine. The destruction of the ill-fated battleship is still a mystery. Was it an accident? Was it a deliberate murder? Not even the war that was fought on account of it settled the question to the satisfaction of the world for all time to come. Yet a strange story of it comes from the East. It is the story of a clairvoyant, a member of that mystic brotherhood that reads in dreams the fates of men. With graphic truth the story of the Maine's destruction was told by Mrs. Geo. K. Leslie, the wife of a druggist of Lewiston, Me. Her education does not go beyond that which faithful children obtain in an ordinary country school. She is not a traveled woman, for she has never crossed the borders of her native state. Of the world, its highways and byways, she knows nothing. She is a good, gentle woman, a housewife, and a mother, but she has the gift of a seer, almost as great as that of the prophet who foretold and described the fall of ancient Jerusalem.

Her clairvoyant powers have been tested on various occasions by her neighbors, who have long been cognizant of her mystic power. This does not mean that the humble druggist's wife is a professional. She shrinks from publicity, and speaks of her gift to no one. Not ever her name will she let be known. Her husband is usually the only confidante of her strange revelations. The night

which followed the destruction of the Maine, and before cable and telegraph wires flashed the dreadful news over the globe, the Lewiston seeress had another trance. It came upon her in the night, and filled with fear of what was revealed to her, she roused her husband from his sleep and told him what she saw. He got up, took pencil and paper and wrote down every word of the weird tale she unfolded. Next day he sent it to Senator Frye. The Senator, who is well acquainted with the wife of his constituent, and knows her to be a woman of utmost character and respectability, submitted the statement to the Secretary of the Navy with a cordial endorsement. It was not made public then, because the country was at fever heat, and it would have but added fuel to the tense excitement. Now comes the strange part of the narrative. The druggist's wife had never seen a battleship, a fortification or a castle. In her waking hours she could probably not have pictured the

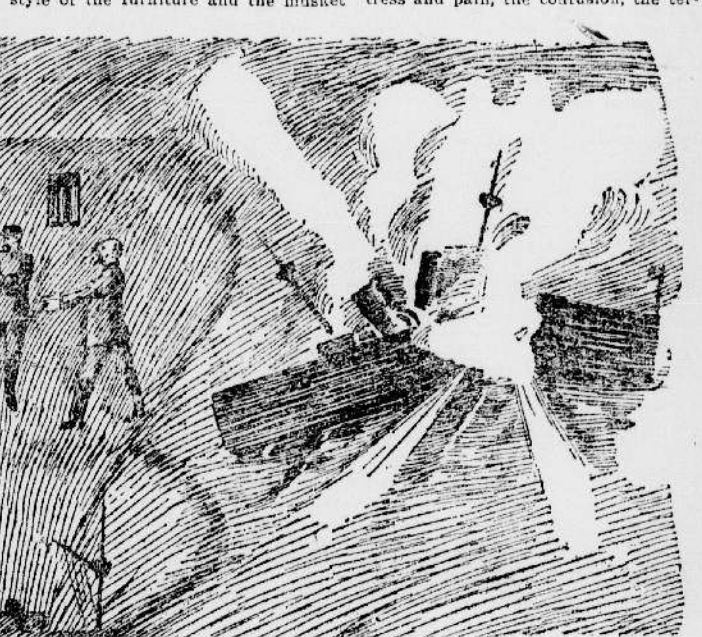
uniform of a United States trooper, much less that of a Spanish officer.

While in her trance she described minutely Havana harbor with its menacing Morro castle. She told of the batteries, whose belching fires sought to carry destruction to the enemy. The Maine with its polished deck, its white sides, its hatches, its quivering masts, was described by her, who had never stood on the gang-plank of more than a small river boat. The officers of the watch, pacing the moonlit deck, the guards, the sailors, stealing down to their quarters, the captain within the security of his own cabin, all had a place in her trance vision of that beautiful ship, lying tranquilly in the softly billowing waters, moored to an iron buoy. The good woman was puzzled about the stability of the ship. She could see no anchor, she told her husband, but described the buoy as an



MRS. GEO. K. LESLIE.

iron cask. From the ship the clairvoyant's vision carried her back to Morro castle and Cabanas fortress. Quickly she traveled through reception parlors, the office of the commandante, describing the color and style of the furniture and the musket



THE SEERESS AND WHAT SHE SAW.

racks along the walls. In the stillness of the night the tale was doubly weird. Through the fortifications of Cabanas she hastened and entered a room filled with electrical apparatus. Her ken of

these modern appliances does not go beyond the switchboard of a telephone office, and she was not even familiar with the workings of that. Two men, she said, were in the room, dressed in the uniform of Spanish officers. She described the color of the cloth, the stripes on the trousers and on the sleeves, the gilded epaulettes, and the number of buttons. She saw a tall man, bent with age, with iron-gray beard and hair, remonstrate in a language which she could not understand, with a younger brother officer. The latter was short and stocky, with a scar or birthmark upon his face, which was partially hidden by a short-cropped black beard. As the old man remonstrated, the younger one seemed to be pleading earnestly for permission to do something. The former listened with an expression of horror to the younger's story, and held his hands aloft in a deprecating gesture. The younger man grew more and more excited, the older more horrified. Finally, terror-stricken beyond expression, the latter left the room. The door clicked in the lock and the man with the scar rushed toward a mahogany frame upon the wall which was filled with brass keys. Quickly he pulled a plug from one hole and drove it into the other. From the room in Cabanas fortress the clairvoyant's mind raced back to the battleship, and simultaneous with the change the young officer had made in the keys on the switchboard there came a terrific explosion.

It seemed to the seeress as if millions of the giant firecrackers which the youngsters of Lewiston had exploded in front of her husband's store on the glorious Fourth had been hurled into the battleship. She described the flames, the smoke, the rain of debris, composed of fragments of the ship and of human bodies. She gave articulation to the cries of distress and pain, the confusion, the ter-

rrible excitement on board the ships in the harbor and on the land, the sinking of the vessel as the fires went out, and all was buried beneath the mass of surging waters. The druggist had written down his wife's trance narrative verbatim. This statement was sent to Senator Frye the moment the news of the destruction of the Maine shocked the world from pole to pole. It has been shown to those most familiar with the situation in Cabanas fortress and to Captain Sigbee of the Maine. The latter declared that the description of his ship and its surroundings, as given by the Lewiston woman, was accurate to the minutest detail. Those who know Cabanas were never more surprised than at the mental photograph drawn by the woman, who had not the slightest idea of the place.

It's a mile on land, but knot at sea.

### DEATH IN WIRE.

Cost the Life of a Wife and Drove the Husband Crazy.

In the Alameda morgue Mrs. Marshall Davoust lies dead, her body seared and striped from the lashings of a live electric wire, and distorted, even in death by the awful agonies of electrocution, says a recent San Francisco dispatch. So sadly deranged that he never may wake to know his loss, Marshall Davoust, the dead woman's husband, is confined in the care of friends at his darkened Pearl street home. Death came suddenly and awfully to Davoust's handsome wife, a literal volt from the heavens that in an instant wrecked as happy a home as can be found in all Alameda. Though married for four years, the honeymoon of the Davousts has never for an instant waned, and it was with one of their periodical pleasure jaunts in prospect that they left their home last evening to catch at the Versailles station the 6:45 narrow-gauge train for San Francisco. Mr. Davoust made for the depot by the front gate, but his wife took a shorter way through the back gate and across a vacant lot. On Encinal avenue, near the lot through which she passed, she came in contact with a wire that for two weeks had hung apparently loose and harmless from one of the city's light poles, and for over ten minutes that "harmless wire" held her with death's tenacity, and the 2,000 volts of scorching, twisting fluid that was in it burned her life

out slowly, and with it the reason of her frantic husband. Attracted by her cries, Davoust and a party of friends tried to her assistance, and only the strength of his friends prevented him for a time from leaping on the awful wire. But at the moment when it became apparent that death had stopped the sufferings of his wife he broke away and clutched the wire with both hands, only to be thrown back senseless at the feet of the now discarded corpse. The wire's work was done.

### Alive and Kicking.

A Topeka boy with the army at Santiago has written to his home folk as follows: "I have received the paper which says I was killed and am buried in Cuba. I am not feeling so bedoggedly lively in this hot hole, but still I am inclined to disbelieve the report. In fact, I am pretty certain that I am alive, but not so sure about not being buried. It looks mighty like a graveyard around here."—New York Tribune.

### Better Than the Dons To-Day.

The poet Tennyson's sympathy with animals is shown by a wee story told in his "Memor." A beautiful setter was given him. At midnight it suddenly struck him that the new dog might feel hungry and lonely, so he went downstairs and stole a chicken for "Dear Old Don." Great was the consternation in the kitchen next morning as to what had become of the chicken.

### LAMB THAT HAD EIGHT LEGS.

The marketman whose trade includes a good demand for legs of lamb would jump at an opportunity to secure an animal like the picture above. This eight-legged wonder was born in



WOULD HAVE DELIGHTED A BUTCHER'S HEART.

France and was killed by accident shortly after birth. Don't stand in front of bars too much or you may get behind them.



# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS Editor.  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

## Sleep.

BY ANDREW S. BAXTER.  
The weary portals of the night we close;  
And, in the bark of somnolence, sail unfurled,  
In snowy wreaths of cloud, our souls are hurled.  
At mercy of each fitful breeze that blows,  
Then from the depths that prescience never knows.  
We through a varied flood of dreams are whirled,  
And wake to find the life-stream that has curdled.  
For aye round our place, changeless flows,  
And so, when drowsy death shall seal our eyes,  
And from lamenting friends we pass away,  
It may be that, awaking, we shall rise  
To be reborn and strengthened for a longer stay,  
And find the same old earth, the same blue skies  
That we but lost in slumber yesterday.  
—Scribner for October.

## A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

BY DI AMOND.

"Toast burned to a crisp! coffee like mud! and breakfast as tough as leather! I'd like to know how in thunder a man is going to live on such stuff as this! I'll die of indigestion in less than a week if I keep on in this way. Here, Bridget, take this mess away, and just pack up as quickly as you ever did anything in your life," growled Mr. Aaron Allen, as he arose from the table, giving it a violent push that set the dishes rattling. Bridget sullenly set to work, and Mr. Allen strode out of the room, banging the door behind him.

"Well," he muttered, as he reached his study and threw himself into a chair. "This is a go! Five cooks in as many weeks, and no prospect of anything better. It will certainly drive me distracted trying to live in this way. I do hate to break up and board after keeping house so long. If Sophia hadn't made such a goose of herself she might be here yet, and all would be well."

Mr. Allen was a middle-aged bachelor, whose maiden sister, a few years younger than he, had always directed his household affairs since the death of their mother, twenty years previously. They had always lived peacefully enough until about two months since, when Sophia took mortal umbrage at her brother. For Miss Sophia had a pet parrot, a beautiful, talkative bird, which she was very fond of; but one unlucky day she unfortunately left the cage door open and went out calling. Her brother came from his business before she returned; and a sight met his eyes which set his quick temper in a blaze at once. On his study table sat Poll, busily engaged in tearing into minute bits some of his most important documents, which she had pulled from the half-open drawers while over what few remained untouched by her bill streams of ink were pouring from the overturned stand.

"Fun! fun! fine fun!" shouted Poll, pausing a moment in her work of destruction, and cocking up one eye maliciously at the intruder.

"Yes, I'll make it fun for you, you scoundrel, you—you—" sputtered Mr. Allen, using, I am afraid, a few not very refined expressions, and seizing Poll unawares, he thrust her into the cage, and rushing out on the street, gave her to the first person he met. Miss Sophia soon came home, and missing her bird, made inquiries, when her brother at once related the whole affair. His sister stormed and fumed and raged, calling him a cruel monster, and ended by declaring she would not remain in a house where she was so abused. Mr. Allen, in a passion, told her to do as she liked about it; it was immaterial to him whether she went or remained; and she departed without even leaving her future address, but her brother had no fears on her account. She had relatives and plenty of money, and she was certainly old enough to take care of herself. The cook, who had been in the family for years, left when Miss Sophia did, declaring that she "would not be bossed over by a man." Mr. Allen, thinking it would be easy to fill her place, had taken five in succession from the intelligence office, with what success we have already seen.

"Hum!" mused Mr. Allen, aloud, a habit he had when alone. "If I knew where Sophia was, I'd send for her, even if she did act foolishly, but I don't know, so there's an end of that. Heigho! what's a house worth without a woman to manage it, anyway? Something's got to be done, and soon, too. I can't live in this way any longer. I believe I'll get married!" looking around half frightened at his temerity in giving utterance to such a thought. "But wouldn't Sophia fume then? Still, there's nobody I exactly take a fancy to. Miss Boggs is too old, (vain man) Miss Stepput too vain and extravagant, and I don't know of any new widows."

He sat a moment pondering deeply on this important matter, then a light broke over his face. "The very thing! Why didn't I think of it before? and he sat down before his desk, and drawing pen, ink, and paper toward him, commenced writing. After frequent pauses and much reflection, he finally laid down his pen, and read over what he had written.

"I guess that will do," he said; "what an old fool I am; but then I really don't see any other way out of my dilemma."

Miss Sophia, on leaving her brother's house, had immediately gone to a cousin's residing about sixty miles distant, and soon made herself quite at home. The New York papers came in daily and she always perused them with interest. One day, in glancing over the advertisements, one among the "Personals" caught her eye, and she read it over carefully, then again with more interest.

"A middle-aged gentleman of wealth and position is desirous of opening a correspondence with a lady of education and refinement, with a view to matrimony. Address 'Alpha,' Herald Office."

"Well," mused Miss Sophia, drawing

a long breath, "I wish, I really wish I dare do it. There can't be any harm in trying, anyway. Wouldn't Aaron be astonished if I should get married after all?"

An hour later found Miss Sophia on the way to the postoffice, with a letter hidden in her pocket which made her heart throb strangely every time she thought of it. The missive was sent and an answer anxiously awaited, which came in due season addressed to "Angelica," in a rather stiff, unnatural hand; she thought, but then her correspondent might be disguising his hand-writing as she had hers. Miss Sophia now made frequent excursions to the postoffice, and one day she returned home in quite a flutter, and ran up to her room at once, where she again perused the letter which she had read while walking slowly home along the quiet country road.

"He wants me to appoint a meeting," she mused. "And matters have reached such a point that of course I can't refuse to do so, and I don't know that I would if I could, for I will acknowledge that I am just as anxious to see him as he is to see me. I do wonder what he is like?" and she went off into a train of musing and conjecture which we will not attempt to follow.

A few days subsequent to Miss Sophia's soliloquy, on a beautiful, bright May morning, she donned her most becoming apparel, and quietly leaving the house, made her way to the one hotel of which the village boasted, where she called for a private parlor, and sat down to wait with what patience she might, for the coming of her correspondent. A few moments of anxious expectancy, then the door slowly opened, and some one entered, closing it behind him. Miss Sophia, peering through her thick veil, saw no handsome stranger, but—could she believe her eyes, her brother, Aaron Allen! He approached her.

"Angelica," he said, softly.

Miss Sophia threw aside her veil and sprang to her feet.

"Aaron Allen!" she cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Why—why—Sophia," stammered Mr. Allen, utterly confounded by this sudden denouement, "you here?"

"Yes, Aaron Allen, I am here; and I want to know what you mean by addressing me by that name," demanded his sister.

"What name?" asked Mr. Allen, utterly bewildered.

"Angelica," replied Miss Sophia, blushing in spite of herself.

"I—oh, I made a mistake in the person; that's all," replied Mr. Allen, confusedly. "I'd like to know what you are doing here, Sophia?"

"That's my business, Aaron," she retorted sharply. "And now tell me whom you mistook me for?"

"Well, Sophia, I may as well inform you that I am engaged to be married," said Mr. Allen, sheepishly, "and came here by appointment, to meet the lady."

"And—and was her name Angelica?" asked Miss Sophia, breathlessly, a fearful suspicion beginning to dawn upon her. "And is yours Alpha?"

"By Jove! Sophia, you don't mean—Thunderation! what a confounded pair of fools we have been!" ejaculated Mr. Allen, as the truth flashed upon him. "I think the best thing we can do is to go home, and live as we have done for so many years, and let matrimony go for the future." And Miss Sophia was of the same opinion.—*Waverley Magazine.*

## Maryland and Other Cookery.

The Chesapeake has conferred upon Baltimore the title of the "gastronomic capital" of the country. The fish, the game and the reptiles of its generous waters, and the traditions of the Maryland kitchen, have made Baltimore the Mecca toward which the eyes of all American *bon-vivants* are turned with a veneration that dyspepsia cannot impair. Places have their dishes and exult in them. New England points with pride to an unsullied record of pumpkin pies. New Orleans has its pompano, and boasts it much as Greenwich does its white-bait. In San Francisco you win the confidence of the Californian by praising his coppery oysters and saying that they remind you of "Ostend penn'orths," or Dublin's Burton-Bindins, and that, after all, the true taste of the "natives" is only acquired in waters where there is a great excess of copper in suspension. At Norfolk, the sacred dish that is offered upon the altar of hospitality is the hog-fish. The modest New Yorker, in the acerbity of the lenten season, asks his foreign friend if he ever saw anything like "our shad." In Albany you partake of "beef" sliced from a Hudson river sturgeon; a fish of which cutlets from the shoulders are served in San Francisco to excellent purpose as *filets de sole*. Chicago has been heard to speak of white fish. In Calcutta one inwardly consumes with curry. Bird's nest soup, made from the gelatinous and insipid secretion of the sea swallow, is the dish of honor at Shanghai. But Baltimore rests not its reputation upon the precarious tenure of a single dish; it sits in complacent contemplation of the unrivaled variety of its local market and calmly forbids comparison. While the Chesapeake continues to give it its terrapins, its canvasbacks, its oysters and its fish, this may be done with safety; and among the pleasantest recollections that a stranger may have shall be those of a Maryland kitchen in the "season." Visitors from the mother country seldom overlook it and they have recorded their sentiments ever since the old colonial days. In these days of rapid transit it was strange if our trans-Atlantic cousins did not know more about it; and Liverpool receives many a crate of canvasbacks, many a barrel of choice oysters, and many a can of terrapin cunningly packed in Baltimore. There have recently been dinners given in London and Paris, at which every article of food upon the table came from America.—*W. M. Laffan, in Scribner for November.*

## Down in a Siver Mine.

Those who have never personally inspected the lower levels of our mines may obtain some idea of the degree of heat to be found therein by visiting the Savage works at the change of shifts. The men—packed together as close as they can stand on the cage—are popped out of the shaft all steaming hot, for all the world like a bunch of asparagus just lifted from the pot. They make their appearance in a cloud of steam that pours up continuously from the "depths profound," and are dimly seen until they step forth upon the floor of the works. As the men land and separate each carries with him for half a minute, his own private cloud of vapor. As this passes off, the man is seen to be naked from the waist up, his skin as wet as though he had just been lifted out of a pool of water. The men bring up with them—beside the steam—an amount of heat that may be felt by the spectator as they pass.

All this is at the top of the shaft, where it is considered quite cool, what then must it be hundreds of feet below, where the men started from—down where the water stands at 175° Fahrenheit? Down there no steam is seen,—it is too hot for it. It is only when the hot, moist air coming up from the lower regions strikes the cool air toward the top of the shaft that it takes the form of steam. Down there where the men come from you must keep your hands off the pump column and the pipes, and if you pick up any iron tool you will at once put it down without being told to do so. Down there they handle things with gloves on, or wrap rags about the drills they are guiding and iron apparatus they are moving, and down there, too, you will learn to keep your mouth shut, after you have drawn a few mouthfuls of hot air into your lungs.

Perspire? It is no name for it. You are like a sponge that is being squeezed. You are ready to believe that you have 10,000,000 pores to the square inch of surface, or as many more as any authority may mention, and that all of these pores are as big as the cells of a honeycomb. You go for ice-water, and it almost seems to hiss as it passes down your throat,—you keep going for it, and thus, in a short time, find out what becomes of the tons and tons of ice that are daily consumed in the mines. Remain among the miners an hour or two and when you are finally popped out at the top of the shaft, all red-hot and steaming among the other asparagus sprouts, you will appreciate the beauty, the light, and the coolness of the upper world.—*Virginia (New) Enterprise.*

## A Child Queen.

I wonder how many of the little girl readers of St. Nicholas are fond of history? If they answer candidly, I do not doubt that a large proportion will declare they prefer the charming stories they find in St. Nicholas to the dull pages of history, with its countless battles and murdered sovereigns. But history is not every bit dull, by any means, as you will find if your elder sisters and friends will select portions for you to read that are suitable to your age and interests. Perhaps you are very imaginative, and prefer fairy tales to all others. I am sure, then, that you will like the story I am about to tell you, of a little French princess, who was married and crowned Queen of England when only eight years old, and who became a widow at twelve.

This child-sovereign was born many hundred years ago—in 1387—at the palace of the Louvre in Paris, of whose noble picture gallery I am sure you all have heard—if, indeed, many of you have not seen it yourselves. She was the daughter of the poor King Charles VI, whose misfortunes made him insane, and for whose amusement playing cards were invented, and of his queen, Isabeau of Bavaria, a beautiful but very wicked woman. Little Princess Isabella was the eldest of twelve children. She inherited her mother's beauty, and was petted by her parents and the entire court of France.

King Richard II, of England, who was a widower about thirty years old, was urged to marry again; and, instead of selecting a wife near his own age, his choice fell upon little Princess Isabella.

"She is much too young," he was told. "Even in five or six years she will not be old enough to be married." The king, however, thought this objection too trifling to stand in the way of his marriage, and saying, "The lady's age is a fault that every day will remedy," he sent a magnificent embassy to the court of France, headed by the Archbishop of Dublin, and consisting of earls, marshals, knights, and squires of honor uncounted, with attendants to the number of five hundred.

When the embassy reached Paris, and the offer of marriage had been formally accepted, the archbishop and the earls asked to see the little princess who was soon to become their queen. At first the French Council refused, saying so young a child was not prepared to appear on public occasions, and they could not tell how she might behave. The English noblemen were so solicitous, however, that at last she was brought before them. The earl marshal immediately knelt before her, and said, in the old fashioned language of the time: "Madam, if it please God, you shall be our lady and queen."

Queen Isabeau stood at a little distance, curious and anxious, no doubt, to know how her little daughter would answer this formal address. To her great pleasure, and the great surprise of all present, Princess Isabella replied: "Sir, if it please God and my father that I be Queen of England, I shall be well pleased, for I am told I shall be a great lady."

Then, giving the marshal her tiny hand to kiss, she bade him rise from his knees, and leading him to her mother, she presented him to her with the grace and ease of a mature woman.

According to the fashion of the time,

Princess Isabella was immediately married by proxy, and received the title of Queen of England. Froissart, a celebrated historian living at that epoch, says: "It was very pretty to see her, young as she was, practicing how to act the queen."

In a few days, King Richard arrived from England with a gay and numerous retinue of titled ladies to attend his little bride. After many grand festivals they were married and were taken in state to England, where the Baby Queen was crowned in the famous Westminster Abbey.—*Cecilia Cleland, in St. Nicholas.*

## Mars.

When Galileo turned toward Mars the telescope which he had discovered the moons of Jupiter, the crescent form of Venus, and many other wonders in the heavens, he was altogether disappointed. His telescope was indeed too small to show any features of interest in Mars, though the planet of war is much nearer to us than Jupiter. Mars is but a small world. The diameter of the planet is about 4,400 miles, that of our earth being nearly 8,000. Jupiter, though much farther away, has his immense diameter of more than 80,000 miles to make up, and much more than make up, for the effect of distance. With his noble system of moons he appears a remarkable object even with a small telescope, but Mars shows fewer features of interest even with telescopes of considerable size.

It was not, then, till very powerful telescopes had been constructed that astronomers learned what we now know about Mars.

It is found his surface is divided into land and water, like the surface of our own earth. But his seas and oceans are not nearly so large compared with his continents and lands. You know on our own earth the water covers so much larger surface than the land that the great continents are in reality islands. Europe, Asia and Africa together form one great island; North and South America another, not quite so large; then come Australia, Greenland, Madagascar, and so forth; all the lands being islands, larger or smaller. On the other hand, except the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, there are no large seas entirely land bound. In the case of Mars, a very different state of things prevails, as you will see from the three accompanying pictures (hitherto unpublished, drawn by the famous English observer, Dawes, called the Eagle-eyed. The third and best was drawn with a telescope constructed by your famous optician, Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The dark parts are the seas, the light parts being land, or in some cases cloud or snow. But in these pictures most of the lighter portions represent land; for they have been seen often so shaped, whereas clouds, of course, would change in shape.

The planet Mars, like our earth, turns on its axis, so that it has day and night as we have. The length of its day is not very different from that of our own. Our earth turns once on its axis in— but before reading on, try to complete this sentence for yourself. Every one knows the earth's turning on its axis produces day and night, and nine persons out of ten, if asked how long the earth takes in turning round her axis, will answer, 24 hours; and if asked how many times she turns on her axis in a year, will say 365 times, or if disposed to be very exact, "about 365 1/4 times." But neither answer is correct. The earth turns on her axis about 366 1/4 times in each year, and each turning occupies 23 hours 55 minutes and 4 seconds and 1 tenth of a second. We, taking the ordinary day as the time of a turning or rotation, lose count of one rotation each year. It is necessary to mention this, in order that when I tell you how long the day of Mars is, you may be able correctly to compare it with our own day. Mars, then, turns on his axis in 24 hours 37 minutes 22 seconds and 7 tenths-parts of a second. So that Mars requires 41 minutes 16 seconds and 6 tenths of a second longer to turn his small body once round than our earth requires to turn round her much larger body. The common day of Mars is, however, only about 39 minutes longer than our common day.

Mars has a long year, taking no less than 687 our days to complete his circuit round the sun, so that his year lasts only about one month and a half less than two of ours.

Like the earth, Mars has seasons, for his polar axis, like that of the earth, is slant, and at one part of his year brings his northern regions more fully into sunlight, at which time summer prevails there and winter in his southern regions; when at the opposite part of his year his southern regions are turned more fully toward and have their summer, while winter prevails over his northern regions.

Around his poles, as around the earth's, there are great masses of ice, inasmuch that it is very doubtful whether any inhabitants of Mars have been able to penetrate to its poles, any more than Kane or Hayes or Nares or Parry, despite their courage and endurance, have been able to reach our northern pole, or Cook or Wilkes or James Ross our antarctic pole.

In the summer of either hemisphere of Mars, the north polar snows become greatly reduced in extent, as is natural, while in winter they reach to low latitudes, showing that in parts of the planet corresponding to the United States, or mid-Europe, as to latitude, bitter cold must prevail for several weeks in succession.—*Prof. R. A. Proctor, in St. Nicholas.*

## A Camp Fire Reversé.

Not the least of the charms of camping out is your camp-fire at night. What an artist! What pictures are boldly thrown or faintly outlined upon the canvas of the night! Every object, every attitude of your companion is striking and memorable. You see effects and groups every moment that you would give money to be able to carry away

with you in enduring form. How the shadows leap, and skulk, and hover about! Light and darkness are in perpetual tilt and warfare, with first the one unhorsed, then the other. The friendly and cheering fire, what acquaintance we make with it! We had almost forgotten there was such an element, we had so long known only its dark offspring, heat. Now we see the wild beauty unchanged and note its manner and temper. How surely it creates its own draft and sets the currents going, as force and enthusiasm always will! It carves itself a chimney out of the fluid and houseless air. A friend, a ministering angel in subjection; a fiend, a fury, a monster, ready to devour the world, if ungoverned. By day it burrows in the ashes and sleeps; at night it comes forth and sits upon its throne of rude logs, and rules the camp a sovereign queen.

Near camp stood a tall, ragged yellow birch, its partially cast-off bark hanging in crisp sheets or dense rolls. "That tree needs the barber," said Aaron, "and shall have a call from him to-night."

So after dark he touched a match into it, and we saw the flames creep up and wax in fury until the whole tree and its main branches stood wrapt in a sheet of roaring flame. It was a wild and striking spectacle, and must have advertised our camp to every nocturnal creature in the forest.

What does the camper think about when lounging around the fire at night? Not much—of the sport of the day, of the big fish he lost and might have saved if the distant settlement of to-morrow's plans. An owl hoots off in the mountain and he thinks of him; if a wolf were to howl or a panther to scream he would think of him the rest of the night. As it is, this glimmer and hover through his mind, and he hardly knows whether it is the past or the present that possesses him. Certain it is he feels the hush and solitude of the great forest, and whether he will or not all his musings are in some way cast upon that huge background of the night. Unless he is an old camper-out there will be an under-current of dread or half fear. My companion said he could not help but feel all the time that there ought to be a sentinel out there pacing up and down. One seems to require less sleep in the woods, as if the ground and the untempered air rested and refreshed him sooner. The balsam and the hemlock heal his aches very quickly. If one is awakened often during the night, as he invariably is, he does not feel that sediment of sleep in his mind next day that he does when the same interruption occurs at home; the fumes have drawn it all out of him.—*From "A Bed of Roughs," by John Burroughs; Scribner for Nov.*

## Skobelev.

The Skobelevs have a singular origin. In 1839 the Emperor Nicholas, while at a review of his whole army, ordered a Gen. Skobelev to select the finest men in the army to form into a body of Imperial Guards. In the first regiment examined the general came across a stalwart young soldier, who far surpassed his comrades in appearance. The soldier said that his name was Skobelev, and that he came from a village in the Province of Novgorod. The general, upon hearing this reply to an inquiry he had made, seemed greatly interested, and being told that it was only the youth of Skobelev that had prevented his promotion, gave orders that he should be made a non-commissioned officer. That evening Gen. Skobelev, at a dinner given to the officers of the regiment to which Skobelev belonged, told an anecdote. He said that many years before, when he was a private soldier, he was on guard one day at the Winter Palace. While keeping guard the emperor passed by, and after looking at him a few moments, asked him his name. He replied that it was Skobelev. "Skobelev," said the emperor; "I don't like the sound of that name; hereafter you are to be called Skobelev." From that time the emperor took an interest in his welfare, and eventually, through his favor he became aide-de-camp to the Czar. "I have only one remark to make," said the general, "and that is that the young fellow whom I raised to be an officer to-day, is the son of a brother I left at home to look after the village homestead." The nephew took his uncle's name, and subsequently himself became a General. It is his son, "Skobelev the younger," who has just distinguished himself before Plevna.

## Mathematics and Medicine.

Among other talks to-day it came out that while ships carry no doctors. The Captain adds the doctorship to his own duties. He not only gives medicines, but sets broken limbs after notions of his own, or saws them off and sears the stump when amputation seems best. The captain is provided with a medicine-chest, with the medicines numbered instead of named. A book of directions goes with this. It describes diseases and symptoms and says: "Give a teaspoonful of No. 9 once an hour," or "Give ten grains of No. 12 every half hour," etc. One of our sea captains came across a skipper in the North Pacific who was in a state of great surprise and perplexity. Said he: "There's something rotten about this medicine-chest business. One of my men was sick—nothing much the matter. I looked in the book; it said give him a teaspoonful of No. 15. I went to the medicine-chest and I see I was out of No. 15. I judged I'd got to get up a combination somehow that would fill the bill, so I have into the fellow half a teaspoonful of No. 8 and a half a teaspoonful of No. 7, and I'd be hanged if it didn't kill him in fifteen minutes! There's something about this medicine-chest system that's too many for me!"—*Mark Twain in Atlantic.*

A wound from a tongue is worse than a wound from the sword; the latter affects only the body, the former the spirit—the soul.—*Pythagoras.*

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—*Cicero.*

## HUMOROUS.

A minister telling a beautiful young girl who was about to become a bride, that she must remember that the man and wife are one.—"Lord!" she exclaimed, "if you were under my father and mother's window when they are quarreling, you would think they were at least a dozen."

"Poor boy!" said a lady, as she took out her purse to give a little beggar some change. "Yes, I am a poor boy," said the young rascal, squeezing a tear out of his eyes, "and have three sick mothers to support." The lady shook her head, put back her purse, and sadly walked away.

A charming and a coquettish woman deserts her husband's roof. "What grieves me most," he says to a friend, "is that I cannot understand why she should have flown—whether for this reason, or that, or the other." "Oh," says his friend, "make your mind easy. She has left you for the other."

A gentleman observing a servant girl, who was left-handed, placing the knives and forks on the dinner-table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. "Oh, indeed!" said she, "so I have; be pleased, sir, to help me turn the table 'round.'"

"He is a man after my own heart, pa," said Julia, referring to her Augustus. "Nonsense," replied old Practical, "he is a man after the money your uncle left you." And then all was quiet.

A very tall, thin Highlander said he "had a cold in his head, originating in wet feet." She looked at him slowly from head to foot and back again, as if measuring the distance the cold had to travel, and then ejaculated: "Gracious me! you must have got your feet wet some time last year."

At a recent sale of short-horn cows in England, one animal brought \$22,000. That is a tremendous price, but it has its compensations. To be kicked in the stomach by a cow worth \$22,000 must be accompanied by a variety of ennobling sensations. Not every man can afford it.

A tramp applied to a lady in Des Moines for something to eat, and to the inquiry why he didn't go to work, said there was not any chance to work at his trade now. The lady asked him what his trade was: "Shovelingsnow," was the confident answer. He got his dinner.

He was about six years old. He pointed to the face of the dial and said, "Why, there's another little watch." I said, "that is called a second hand." He tossed his head contemptuously and walked off, saying: "I wouldn't own a second-hand watch."

Customer (to proprietor of a large establishment)—"I want a mourning suit, please." Proprietor—"What is the bereavement, may I ask?" Customer—"My mother-in-law." Proprietor (to a distant shopman)—"Mr. Brown show this gentleman to the 'Light Affliction Department.'"

The exact sciences may demonstrate the precise distance of the most remote star, and make the phases of surrounding worlds as familiar as our household words, but no amount of figuring will ever be able to indicate where the stone which a woman throws is going to strike.

The way to make wood "go" further, in cold weather, is to have it sawed and split and piled up outside the door, in place of being in the woodshed. By this means a load of wood has been known to go more than half a mile in one night.

It makes a boy's heart feel sick as the winter wood begins to loom up in steadily growing piles in the back yard, and he sees his mother making preparations for organizing him into a "workingman's party."

A shipwrecked Irish sailor was narrating how he and his companions had floated about at sea for twenty days in an open boat. "And what did you do for food, Pat, when the provisions gave out?" asked a bystander. "Shure, and we dined on one of the officers. 'Twas the first mate we'd had in a fortnight," was the reply.

A slow fellow of a lover asked a lady to whom he was feebly paying his dilatory attentions, what form of marriage she thought the most beautiful. "Oh, never mind the form!" she exclaimed, "the substance is what I care for." The invitations are now being issued for the wedding.

"Brethren," said the realistic parson, "when you drop your contribution into the box, you may drop it in gently from beneath your hand, so that the collector can't tell whether it's a dollar or a nickel; but you can't cheat the Lord."

A Pennsylvania Dutchman, who married his second wife after the funeral of the first, was visited with a two hours' serenade by the "Calathumbian" band, in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically, thus: "I say, boys, you ought to be ashamed and mind yourselves to be making all dese noise yer dar was somebody dead here so soon."

## Living in Washington.

The expense of living in Washington is now quite as low as in any of the Eastern cities. This was not the case years ago. Rents were, a few years since, enormously high at the National Capital, but now "houses for rent" and "rooms for rent" are placarded on nearly half the buildings of the city, and both houses and rooms can be had at reasonably low figures. Board, too, can be had at astonishingly low rates. Several extensive boarding houses and hotels are supplying table board at \$15 per month, \$4 per week, and 25 cents per meal. People coming to Washington to spend weeks or months, and desiring to make expenses light while here, instead of paying \$3 to \$5 per day at the Arlington, Riggs, Ebbitt, Willard, National, or Metropolitan, can secure a good room for \$10 per month, and meals for \$15 per month, making their entire outlay for both board and lodging only \$25 per month, which is certainly cheap enough, considering that this is the great capital of a great nation.—*Washington Correspondence Chicago Journal.*

A woman about 50 years old yesterday sat behind a chestnut stand, on Congress street East, waiting for the avocational public to come along and gobble up her 50 cents worth of stock. There was a motherly, benevolent look to her face, and a physiognomist would have said that she felt sorry for everybody who wasn't able to start a chestnut stand. She hadn't been there long, when a lump of a boy 9 or 10 years old, having the blackest bare feet ever seen in Detroit, and his left hand rolled up in a dirty rag, sat down on the curbstone within three feet of her and began weeping and wailing in the most affecting manner.

"Boo! boo-hoo! oh! boo-hoo-hoo!" he wailed as he wandered to and fro in seeming great distress of mind.

The woman gave him a passing glance and then looked across the street. He wailed again, louder than before, and she never moved her eyes.

"Oh! oh! I'm most dead!" he sobbed, but his only response was to bend over and pick out a bad chestnut and crowd it down into the middle of the full half-pint measure.

The lad then moved along until he was at her feet, and pulling his old cap down a notch further, he wailed: "Oh! how I wish I had a ma and pa, and wasn't a poor orphan boy!"

The woman looked up and down the street to see if any runaway teams were coming. That same benevolent looking hum around her mouth, but she didn't seem to know that a poor orphan was near.

"Oh! how cold and hungry and sick I am!" howled the boy, as he looked up at her with tearful eyes.

She didn't even wink one of her optics. "Nuthin' to eat for three days—sleep in an ice-house—arm out of joint—fever almost burstin' my head up n, and oh! how I want to be somebody's darlin' and bring in the coal, and build the fire, and be a awful good!"

The woman found another bad chestnut and slowly put it where it would do good.

The boy was getting discouraged. He rose right up before her and cried out: "Won't you give a sufferin' orphan ten chestnuts?"

"Gwoff!" she growled, while the benevolent look increased. "Won't you give a starvin' orphan just five—five wormy ones?"

"Gwoff!"

"Three—two—one—just one old wormy chestnut to strengthen me till I can git to the bank!"

Her face broadened and lengthened with motherly benevolence as she reached down for a club. When she rose up he stood in the middle of the street, his tongue run out and his nose wrinkle like "G'long!" she called, as she waved the club.

He advanced till he was just out of reach of her weapon, and, pointing his dirty finger at her nose, he slowly said: "I will go, my lord, I will go, kase











NEWS FROM NEAR-BY  
CITIES AND TOWNS.

## SAD ACCIDENT TO WILLIAM JARDINE, OF CLARKSTON.

Good, Practical Work of His Friends and Neighbors, Who Turn Out and Put in His Corp for Him—Jed Borakins Straight Talk to Republican Howlers.

William B. Jardine, son of Bishop Jardine, of Clarkston, met with a serious accident a few days since. While riding on a wagon, the front wheels dropped into a hole. The force threw him onto the doubletree and then to the ground, breaking his leg, just below the knee. The sympathy of the people of Clarkston for the young man was shown in the most practical way, they turning out in a body and putting in his corp.

Catch valley farmers are very busy just now seeding. There is every reason to believe that a much larger acreage will be sown this season than for some years past. Water is abundant, and there is no danger of the supply diminishing.

## OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBORS.

There are indications that Idaho's wool crop will be heavier than last season.

Patriotic Caldwell is already beginning to agitate a Fourth of July celebration.

The Bellevue Herald is now published by Edward T. Plank. The paper will still advocate free coinage.

Graver Cleveland makes mistakes occasionally, but as the grates and wisest men do; but the Argus is thoroughly convinced that his mistakes are not to be compared with those of the Lemmings, who are engaged in fighting him.—Caldwell Argus.

Candidates for county offices, if rumor is to be believed, are bobbing up all around. Rather early in the season to be fishing in the figurative political pond for advantage, but these are hard times and the pay of county officers is something worth making an extra effort to obtain. The offices of sheriff and auditor and recorder, with clerk of the court thrown in, will be sought after, they being the bones having the greatest amount of meat and fat—Idaho World.

Hon. A. J. Cook and others have secured of the Land Office, a change ditch near Emmett and will enlarge and extend the same to Payette. The present capacity of the Last Chance is 500 inches of water which will be increased to 30,000. The ditch will be on higher ground and cover a much larger scope of country than the Payette canal and when completed will be the beginning of a new era of prosperity for the farming and fruit interest in that part of Canyon county. The estimated cost is \$30,000 and work is to commence immediately.—Caldwell Argus.

Jed Borakins, of the Boise Democrat, hits the nail on the head this way: "The Statesman, while shedding tears in behalf of the armies now trying to reach Washington, attempts to make it appear that the administration is responsible for the uprising and should bring about the relief. Bills and resolutions have already been introduced in the legislature for the relief of the multitudinous reduced to starvation by these for whom it is a mouthpiece. The Statesman, the organ of the rich, in inciting to revolution for political gain, should not forget that when the looting commences, the results of these for whom it is a mouthpiece, will be the first to yield treasure."

Seeing that the water question is being considerably agitated just at the present time, it is well to read an idea to seriously consider the advisability of building reservoirs on some of our mountain streams, or, at least, to look up one that has been commenced. We have an idea that if the money that is likely to be spent in law suits was applied to the building of reservoirs and increasing the quantity of water by cleaning up the drainage, etc., that this valley would be vastly benefited. Five or six hundred dollars spent in increasing the water supply would, we imagine, be more beneficial to the people of this valley than a thousand times that amount spent in law suits. It will be a glorious epoch in the history of the country when men do not have to pay a lawyer to tell them what isn't theirs.—Malad Enterprise.

The wool growers of Bruneau valley have combined for the purpose of repairing the wagon road from that valley to Death on the Central Pacific railroad. Mr. Arthur Pence, an extensive sheep raiser of that valley, who was here a few days ago, informs us that the Central Pacific railroad officials offer them much lower freight rates to the east and as the distance to Death is but little further from the wool center of Bruneau valley than from the point to any station on the Oregon Short Line railroad, they would be great gainers by sending their wool to Death. It is remarkably strange that the Union Pacific should be so blind to its own interests as to let the Central Pacific pull away from their best road at least half a million pounds of Idaho wool annually. Yet it seems that the Bruneau wool growers are determined to do so.—Elmhurst Bulletin.

A telegram from Mr. James H. Wall, at Grant's Pass, Oregon, to his wife, brings the information that he has found the body of her brother, Henry Todd. Two remains were found at the mouth of Rogue river, on the Pacific coast, at Gold Beach, Curry.

## THE PLAINTIFF STEMS.

## DEVELOPMENTS IN THE CASE OF SMITH VS. JONES.

Mrs. Smith Gives Her Testimony—A Motion For a Non-Suit Overruled—Defendant's Statement.

Provo, April 25.—The entire time in the district court today was occupied in the now noted case of Smith vs. Jones et al., and considerable time was devoted to the testimony of Mrs. Smith.

A. F. Stevens arrived in Vanderbil on Monday, being from his way home from San Francisco, where he went to purchase a stamp-mill for the Legal Tender Mining company, of which he is superintendent. The mill, which will be here by April 15th, is a Fulton Iron Works five-stamp mill, the stamps weighing about 500 pounds each, and will drop five stamps 100 times per minute. Although but five stamps will be put in at first, there will be power for ten stamps, and the mill will be fitted for that number. Five Vanner cones will be used. The mill is to be erected at Crossman Springs, three and a half miles from the mines. The haul from the mines to the mill will be all the way down hill, however. The mill building will be 28x75 feet, and will be built of Arizona lumber. Besides this, there will be erected an engine room 28x30 feet, office 12x24 feet, and an assay room 12x14 feet, and a dwelling house for Mr. Stevens. The head carpenter will be Mr. Stevens' brother, E. Stevens, who came down from San Francisco to take the position.—Vanderbilt (Idaho) Shaft.

## OUR WESTERN NEIGHBORS.

The Sierra Valley Leader says the fish being caught in the valley at the present time have an insect behind the gills, resembling a very small maggot under the scales. They are visible to the naked eye.

An Indian who owns a piece of land near the Mountain House has forty young apple trees set out, and recently purchased a quantity of plum and other fruit trees for his little farm. He says he is going to build a rock house; that he has got lots of chickens, and will live "all the same as white man."—Virginia City Chronicle.

The trial of Alpheus Vaughn for the murder of John and William Lister at Boone canyon, Lander county, last December, resulted in the jury finding the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree. The case has been on trial in the district court at Austin for nearly two weeks. Nick Rast, who was the only witness to the murder and indicted as an accessory, testified in behalf of the state. The case was given to the jury last Saturday, and after being out about twenty-four hours, they returned a verdict of guilty in the first degree. The trial of Charles Vaughn, who is also indicted for murder, has not yet been held, and it is not known whether the evidence against him is as conclusive as it was against his brother.—Reno Journal.

## OUR EASTERN NEIGHBORS.

Tramps are becoming quite numerous at Grand Junction.

The mayor and town council of Casper have directed Contractor Williams to draw plans and figure on the erection of a two-story brick building, 45x74 feet in size, with store rooms and living quarters and open house above.

There is some talk of the consolidation of the office of the president of the International Typographical Union with that of superintendent of the Printers' union. It is said that would result in making this the headquarter of the I. T. U.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

The blundering coal miners of this state have not gone out on the strike which was ordered in their business by a committee at Pittsburgh. They have showed good sense. They have no call that we can see to deprive themselves of work and wages because a committee in Pennsylvania ordered them to do it. They can help themselves, and their Pennsylvania brethren too, much better by keeping at work and refusing to form a union of the unemployed.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A carload of forty young elk from Opal, in the western part of the state, passed east through the city Sunday evening. These animals have been purchased by a gentleman in Pennsylvania, and it is understood that they will become the property of Mr. Starin of New York. A large number of people viewed the animals. The gentleman in charge kept a civil handy when he entered the car, as he said there were two or three of them which would strike with their front feet. These animals are caught during the winter while the snow is deep, being run down by hunters on horseback. They are tied and drawn out to the railroad on sleds.—Laramie Boomerang.

When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer.

Our watch repairing department was never so busy as now. Our work has doubled since January 1, all owing to the employment of the most skilled watchmaker in the city.

J. H. Leyson Co.'s.

The Herald has the largest circulation in Utah. It is a visitor to homes in this territory and the surrounding region than any other newspaper. Its constituency comprises more heads of families than any other, and it is therefore the best advertising medium in Salt Lake.

To Pictureque Subscribers. Successive parts to Pictureque America, received weekly.

Have you seen the new tortoise shell hair pins trimmed in 14k gold at J. H. Leyson Co.'s?

Ten Cents and Four Coupons Buy "Pictureque America."

30 Parts, Eight Parts Now Ready.

Ten Cents and Three Coupons Buy "Higher Officials."

6 Parts, all on hand.

Ten Cents and three Coupons Buy "Stage Celebrities."

14 Parts, Four Parts on hand.

Ten Cents and One Coupon Buy "Self-Instruction Book-keeping."

Ten Parts, Six Parts Now Ready.

"Well, how do you know he wrote it?"

"Well, I received it through the mail."

This testimony was objected to by counsel for defense, on the ground that it was not the best evidence. The objection was overruled. It appeared that the receipt was lost, as was several other (supposed) receipts referred to during the trial, and those not lost had always been returned to some of the defendants.

"Where did Mr. Smith get the paper known as the Ainslie Lumber company paper?"

"He got it from that company."

"Did Mr. Smith get this himself from the company?"

"No sir, I got it myself at Portland. I went to Portland and made a settlement of my husband's account, and he got this paper in payment."

"Did you take any of this paper with you from Salt Lake to Portland?"

"Yes sir, some that my husband got from Utah dealers. This paper was paid me in the Ainslie office at Portland, by I believe, Mr. Jones, or else Mr. Wall. I returned home July 5, from Portland."

"How is it that some of this paper is dated after July 5, when you say you brought this home with you?"

"Oh, this paper was often dated ahead to accommodate the dealers, and I suppose this was the case in this instance."

Cross-examined by Judge Henderson: "When did you go to Portland?"

"Late in June."

"What did you go for?"

"Not specially to settle."

"The Ainslie company was in a bad condition?"

"I don't know."

"Did you bring this piece of paper home with you?" (showing her draft.)

"Yes sir."

"Well this draft is dated on July 7 and accepted the same day?"

"Yes."

"Well, was not that the day the Ainslie company went into the hands of a trustee?"

"Please explain how this draft is dated on the day the Ainslie company failed and was also accepted on the same day?"

"Oh, I suppose it is just a happen so."

"Well, it is customary for you to draw a draft and date it ten or twenty days ahead and then go and get the draft?"

"I don't know that it was."

"Well you took this paper in absolute payment of your husband's account?"

"Yes."

"Did you accept the paper in full payment before it was accepted by the drawee?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that was my risk."

Witness went on to say that some of this paper she brought herself to Provo and turned it over to the Bank of Commerce for collection. Of this \$1,755 was on Morrison, Merrill & Co. of Salt Lake, and was good paper. At the same time she brought down about \$500 on Provo parties. Her husband told her to register and ready for collection, because the Provo bank was small, was soliciting business and she thought it would be attended to more promptly than by one of the large banks in Salt Lake. Witness was shown some letters written by her to E. B. Jones, in which she referred to certain collections which she said belonged to R. D. Jones.

On redirect examination witness stated that the Nebraska transaction referred to in her letters was one in which Mr. Smith had no interest. It was business of R. D. Jones.

On cross examination Judge Henderson inadvertently referred to the witness as Mrs. Jones. She had enough, but Jones is one degree worse.

"Which Jones do you refer to?" asked Judge Henderson, "R. D. Jones?"

"I believe myself it is a mixed question," replied Mrs. Smith.

The only additional point brought out was that witness had taken to Portland several bank drafts on parties in Salt Lake, and they were signed by the Ainslie company.

The minutes of a meeting of the directors of the Bank of Commerce were introduced showing the election of Elmer B. Jones as a director of the bank in 1892.

After the closed the evidence for plaintiff and Judge Henderson moved on the part of the bank to dismiss the action. The motion was denied.

In order to accommodate two witnesses for the defense, they were allowed to testify before the opening statement for the defense was made.

S. W. Morris of Salt Lake, was called and testified that he for his company accepted one of the drafts in question, on July 7th, the date it was drawn, and it had not been presented before.

He was sure it was accepted on the 7th. Sometimes drafts were dated ahead, to correspond to the time of the arrival of the car, but his firm did not accept ahead of the time due.

Mr. Morris, of Salt Lake, identified one of the drafts in question, and stated he had accepted it for his company.

Had no arrangements with the Ainslie company, by which we were to accept drafts before the time of its date. But we usually did not accept before receiving the car.

At this point, Mr. King asked for a non-suit in behalf of Mr. Jones. The motion was denied.

The opening statement for defendant Jones was made by Mr. King. In brief, he said, it would be shown that Mr. Jones at the time this question arose was an attorney-at-law at Provo, and that in July, 1892, plaintiff and R. D. Jones came into Mr. Jones' office and left a paper with Mr. Jones for collection. The evidence will show that these parties owned this paper, but that these parties wanted it collected and some other paper also, which they would soon have, but was not then due. This paper they wanted collected but not in their name, but in the name of the Shasta Lumber company, and it was

so registered on the bank books. There was some talk of attaching on some of the first paper left, and in pursuance to this talk, papers were sent out by S. R. King. Later Mr. E. B. Jones went to Salt Lake, and there met Mr. Smith, when the latter told him that he had about from \$10,000 to \$13,000 in paper he wanted collected, and he wanted him to attend to it all, to the exclusion of everything else if necessary. That there might be suits as the result of every piece of paper, and that he wanted it attended to carefully and to avoid all trouble possible.

Further, that Mr. Smith wanted Mr. Jones to attend to all his business he might have, during the time he was collecting the money. That plaintiff wanted him to be ready at any time to go to Portland on Omaha or any place else he might desire. That from July, 1892, until October of the same year, Mr. Jones had to go from Provo to Salt Lake two or three times nearly every week and that at some times he had to remain there a week at a time. It will be shown that Mr. Jones had to make one trip to Omaha for Smith to arrange for the bringing of a suit of Mr. Smith in the federal court, because of prejudice existing against Mr. Smith in the place where he lived when there and that he did not dare to bring it in the district court. At the same time it will be shown that Mr. Smith and R. D. Jones were in some way connected, and obtaining money under false pretenses, from the Ainslie Lumber company, and that Mr. Jones had to advise them much on point, and to try and prevent them from being exposed, until this matter was settled. Now, for all this work, plaintiff was to give defendant Jones 50 per cent. of the amount collected. I will now be shown that Mr. Smith and R. D. Jones should be joined as plaintiffs because all this business had been done together and with it as many one else.

Judge Henderson made a statement on behalf of the bank and enlarged upon what Mr. King stated, and in addition explained that the evidence would show that if there was anything due plaintiff it would be from Mr. Jones, as all the business was done with Mr. Jones and not with the bank, and that the bank was not known in the transaction with Smith.

At the Land Office.

In the land office yesterday Joseph S. Phinley, of Spring City, Sanpete county, filed a homestead application for the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter and southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 31, and the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 31, township 15 south, range 3 east.

Richard Crowther, of Gunnison, Sanpete county, filed a homestead application for the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 32, township 15 south, range 1 west.

Stephen H. Fotheringham, of Beaver, Beaver county, filed a homestead application for the south half of the northeast quarter and west half of the southwest quarter of section 31, township 15 south, range 3 east.

Amos J. McPherson, of Chester, Sanpete county, filed a homestead application for the south half of the northeast quarter and north half of the southeast quarter of section 2, township 16 south, range 3 east.

The season opens.

The season opens at the bat. After the winter has a cold, the diamond is a "welcome" mat. To the devotees of base ball.

A PLEA FOR GOOD ROADS.

Flip, flop, the "army" marching. Coxy does and right for them all. Footsore, and for the "growler" paroling. Chances for comfort are rather small.

TO THE OLD TIMER.

Time cannot wither, nor custom stale. It hides its time for poor and rich. Men may sicken, it grows more hale. The antique, round (railway) sandwich.

OLD CONCERTS IN MILLINERY.

Atrocious combinations of color are the newest features in millinery, which grows brighter as the season advances, a bunch of fuchsia roses in different shades and colors of violets on one hat are a special Parisian fancy. Jaunty adaptation of the "mortar board" is one of the eccentric shapes. The small piece of is of gilded straw, the flat plaques of velvet and in the place where the tassel ought to be is a big paste buckle.—New York Sun.

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THE SEASON OPENS.

The season opens at the bat. After the winter has a cold, the diamond is a "welcome" mat. To the devotees of base ball.

A PLEA FOR GOOD ROADS.

Flip, flop, the "army" marching. Coxy does and right for them all. Footsore, and for the "growler" paroling. Chances for comfort are rather small.

TO THE OLD TIMER.

## THE PLANET MARS.

A Talk on Astronomy by Miss Mary Proctor.

This morning I shall tell you something about the ruddy planet Mars. It looks like a bright, red star in the sky, but we know it is not a star, because it moves from one group of stars to another, which shows us that it is only a planet, or wanderer, over the surface of the heavens.

Mars travels in a path round the sun beyond our earth, and as it is further from the sun than we are, it receives much less light and heat than we do. It also takes more time in making its journey round the sun, for the year on Mars lasts 687 days. The day on Mars is nearly forty minutes longer than ours. Mars is smaller than our earth, for, if we could make a tunnel through the center of our earth and start a train going at a mile a minute, the train would take nearly one hundred and thirty-two days in getting to the other side. If we could make such a tunnel through the planet Mars, the train would only take seventy days in making its journey.

Mars is a very beautiful planet when we can look at it through a good telescope. Around the edge of the planet is a misty whiteness, and at opposite sides of the disc are two bright spots of white light which may represent snow, just like the snowy regions on our earth at the north and south poles.

Parts of the surface of Mars are of a bluish color and other parts are yellow.

The bluish markings are supposed to be lakes and seas or oceans, according to their size, while the yellow portions are usually spoken of as islands or continents. Astronomers have given names to all these imaginary seas and islands and continents on Mars, so that it has a map of its own, just as our earth has. If we could visit the planet Mars and take this map with us we would be able to find our way about as easily as we do on our earth.

We would find that everything weighs less on Mars than it does on our earth; and if there were people living on Mars they would be much taller than the people living on earth. This is because the planet Mars is smaller than the planet earth, and the smaller the planet the larger the people—that is, if there are any people living on Mars. But the very largest and most powerful telescopes cannot bring Mars near enough for us to see if there are people there. In fact, Mars is many millions of miles away from us, and at least 100 times as far from us as the moon. Mars is accompanied in its journey across the heavens by two little moons, called Deimos and Phobos. These moons are much smaller than our moon, and it is a wonder we are able to see them at all, even with the most powerful telescopes. They are also much nearer to the planet and go around much more quickly. Neither Mars nor its moons have any light of their own, but shine with the light borrowed from the sun. The moons of Mars were discovered in 1877 by Professor Asaph Hall, an American astronomer.—New York World.

Erie is to have a co-operative bakery.

## Athletes Eat



QUAKER CHALK TALKS

(A fair tackle at football!)—Won't they break their bones? Not if they have trained on Quaker Oats! It makes the bones hard,







# BRAGGO THE MONK.

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The Crow Thought It Was Braggo's Voice, and, Sure Enough, It Was.

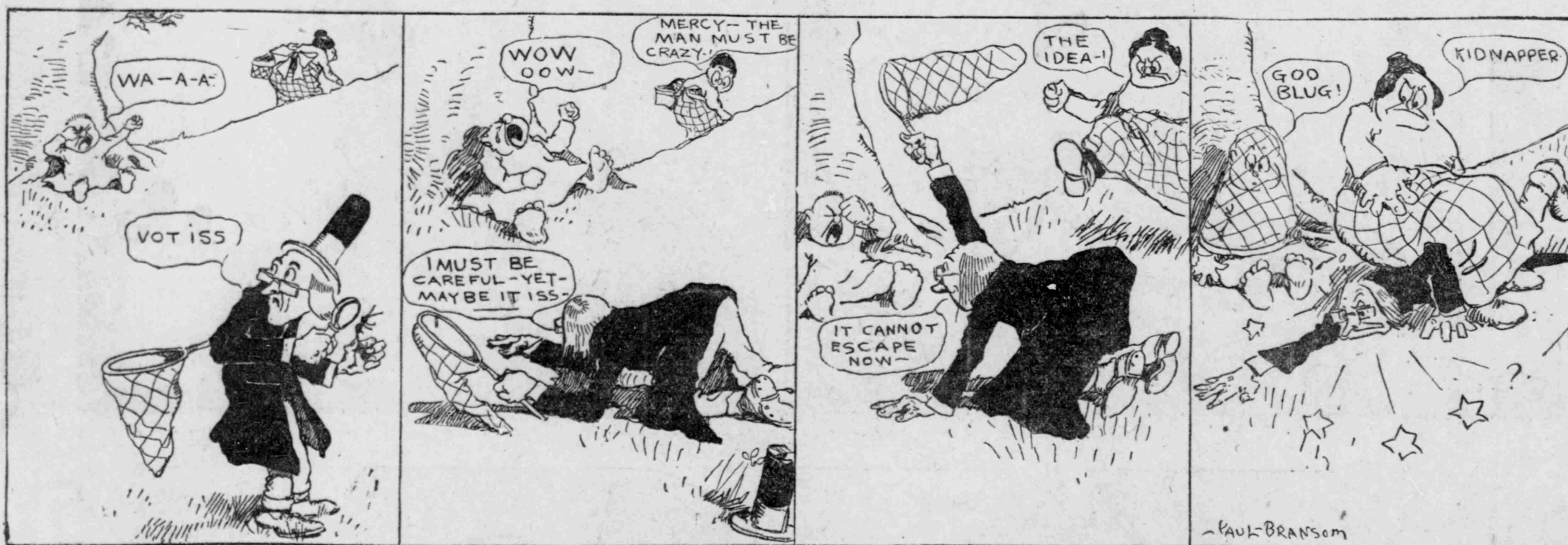
## TROUBLES OF THE LOVER BUG.

Copyright, 1906, by American-Journal-Examiner.



## THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

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## LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

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## A Little Novel of the East.

By WEX JONES.  
After the Best Mode's.



Swayed and swizzled like a motor boat in a gale.

THE soft footfalls of a double-decker camel rang out noisily on the desert air. On the camel was a man—a white man. At least he had once been white, but years of life under a burning sun had tanned his skin to the hue of weathered oak. Life, by the way, under a burning sun must have some advantages above life over a burning sun. Where was this man going—this man who rode alone across the boundless desert upon a camel which, unfortunately for his comfort, was by no means as boundless as the desert. No; the camel bounded, humped, jogged, joggled, bucked, bumped, swayed and swizzled like a motor boat in a gale. The desert was in its grimmest mood. To the scrutiny of the mysterious wanderer upon its surface it told nothing. Each separate grain of sand seemed possessed of the same stubborn spirit. They showed no expression; they said nothing; they lay there in silent, grim, sandy expectation. What did they expect? Ah, who knows the deep depths of a grain of sand's imagination? In the meantime the man rode on, heedless not at all. From the steady salt of the camel one would have said the rider was on his way somewhere. Mile after mile was passed. "Ah!" said the man. It was the first thing he had said in 1,000 miles. What had stirred this silent traveler to such language? Wait! See! he alights. He examines an object on the ground. It is a strange object to find in the middle of the Sahara. One might expect to find such things in a city, perhaps; in a junk shop; in a bakery; even in an aquarium. The man examines his strange discovery with great care. He evidently fears some strange, evil influence. The object is a barrel organ. "Ah!" said the man, in a tone that was full of meaning. The monosyllable said more than another man could have expressed phonetically in 3 days, 14 hours and 10 minutes. "Ah!" repeated the man insistently, as he remounted the camel with the aid of a pocket stepladder. His tone implied that murder had been done. Then he struck the camel a sharp blow with an empty tomato can, and rode swiftly away. Whither? Only the desert knows.

## TROUBLES OF THE LOVER BUG.



## A Little Journey to Mars.

By WEX JONES.

IT was all on account of that airship of Smith's. Smith had tried it a hundred times, and each time it had come down ker-plunk from the starting platform, so this time we had a lot of pneumatic cushions strapped around us—a mighty poor equipment for such a journey as we were to make. On this particular occasion the Zizz didn't come down ker-plunk. On the contrary, she went up gee-wailz, and up and up and up, until the world was as much lost to view as any of the bright specks we call stars. The cushions came in handy when we landed. As the Martian Punch put it, we



hit our Mars with very unflattering violence. Mars, after whom the planet is named, was there to receive us. "Welcome to our midst," said he. "As the God of War, I welcome all who come in peace, and speed all who go in pieces." "But where," I asked, "are the other eight of you?" said Mars. "They talk about the Nine Gods of War because I'm equal to nine." It was at this moment that a scowling fellow came up and struck Mars on the nose for not moving out of the way. We expected to see the good-drinker obliterate this temerarious person, but instead he merely summoned a retainer and had the assailant trounced. "Don't you do your own fighting?" we asked. "Too much trouble," replied Mars. "We show you have one, for a collar isn't comfortable, healthy or becoming." But here a weeping Martian went by. "What is the matter?" we asked. "Bank bust," said Mars. "Don't you protect the depositors?" we asked. "We have bank examiners," answered Mars, "but their duty is to investigate only banks that have failed." "How foolish!" we exclaimed. "Well, I don't know," said Mars. "It's cheaper than your way, and protects the depositors just as much." A number of topics suggested themselves, but suddenly we seemed to slip from Mars and bump right back to earth. "Not hurt, are you?" said Smith, bending over me. "The Zizz failed to fly again this time."



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NEW PLAYHO

The everlasting girl question is  
and entirely solved by the insert  
a little want "ad" in The T  
8-14, phone 5200. Ind. 360.



# GEORGE ADE'S NEW FABLES IN SLANG --- 1912 MODELS

Pictures by Albert Levering

## New Fable of the Cousin Who became Cognizant of Our Shortcom-

On the deck of a Trans-Atlantic Skiff a certain Old Traveler, who owed allegiance to George and Mary, reclined his Cervical Vertebrae with a Shawl around him, and Our Native Land.

He told the American in the Steamer Chair that he had been unable to get his Tea at the Hour and out in that place Minnie-Apples the stupid never had heard of Bloat-Breakfast. Furthermore, he had not seen his Boots again placing them outside the in Chicago.

Houses were overheated the Railway Carriages were those at Home and the others were Forward Chaps should not be added with tea, because it was not be-

He was jolly glad to escape the Wretched Hole and get to his own Lodgings where he had gone into Cold Storage and Joint of Mutton and Brus-

Yankee cringed under the and then fully agreed with of amphibious Albion. He were a new and crude who did not know how to

Evening Clothes or eat Stillness and our Politicians corrupt and Murderers went

While the Average

Citizen was a dyspeptic Skate afflicted with Moral Strabismus.

Then he retired to his State Room to weep over the Situation and the British Subject said: "The American is a Poltroon, for he will not defend his own Hearth and Fireside."

A Cook's Tourist from Emporia, Kansas, dropped into the Vacant Chair. When the Delegate from The Rookery, Wormwood

The Emporia Man said there were more Bath Tubs to the Square Mile out in his Burg than you could find in the West End of London and more Paupers and

Beggars in one Square Mile of the East End of London than you could find in the whole State of Kansas. He said there were fewer Murders in England because

good Opportunities were being overlooked. He said he could Tip any one

Tea at the usual Hour and out in that place called Minnie-Apples the stupid Water never had heard of Bloaters for Breakfast."

Scrubbs, Isling, S. E. resumed his scorching Arraignment of the U. Archbishop of Canterbury.

S. A., he got an awful Rise out of the Boy from the Corn Belt.

It was his unbiased opinion that London consisted of a vast

Swarm of melancholy Members of the Middle and Lower Classes of the Animal Kingdom who ate

Sponge Cake with Seeds in it, drank Tea, Smoked Pipes and rode on Buses, and thought they were living.

Standing beneath the rippling folds of Old Glory the proud Citizen of the Great Republic declared that we could wallop Great Britain at any Game from Polo up to Prize-Fighting and if we cut down on the Food Supplies the whole blamed Runt of an undersized Island would starve to death in a Week.

With quivering Nostrils, he heaped Scorn and Contumely upon any race that would call a Pie a Tart. In conclusion he expressed Pity for those who never had tasted Corn on the Cob.

After the had gone up to the Bridge Deck to play Shuffle-Board, the Representative of the Tightest little Island on the Map took out his Note-Book and made the following Entry: "Every Beggar living in the States is a Bounder and a Braggart."

That evening in the Smoke Room he began to pull his favorite Specialty of ragging the Yanks on a New Yorker, who interrupted him by saying: "Really I know nothing about my own country. I spend the Winter in Egypt, the Spring in London, the Summer in Carlsbad, and the Autumn in Paree."

So the Traveler afterward reported to a Learned Society that the Typical American had become a denatured Expatriate.

MORAL—No Chance.

The New Fable of the Juvenile Who Studied Mankind and Laid His Plans Accordingly.

ONCE there was a Kid who wore a uniform that fit him too soon and a Cap on one Ear. His Job was to answer the

Buzzer and take Orders from any one who could show 25 Cents.

In the Morning he might be acting as Pack-Pony for some Old Lady on a Shopping Spree and in the Afternoon he would be delivering a Ton of Coal.

He had been waved aside by Butlers and ordered about by Blonde Stenographers and joshed by Traveling Salesmen until his Child-Nature was as hard and

In answering the Call of Duty he had gone to the Dressing Room and taken a private Flash at the Magazine Beauty before she began to attach the Hair or spread the Enamel.

He had stood in the private Lair of the Sure-Thingers when they were cooking up some new Method of collecting much Income without moving out of their Chairs.

Little Katisha, waiting in the Flat. Before delivering this Master-piece of Fiction he would have to do a little Sherlocking and finally locate Katisha in one of those Places where they serve it in Tea-Cups.

In the Homes of the Rich and Great where he delivered Orchids and Invitations and perfumed Regrets he would overhear Candid Expressions which indicated that every Social Leader was trying to slip Knock-Out Drops into somebody else's Claret Cup.

Around the Haunts of Business he would stand on one Foot while the Boss carefully worded the Message which was to read like a Contract while leaving a Loop-Hole about the size of the Hudson Tunnel.

One night the Kid was returning homeward with a Comrade in Misery. As the Trolley carried them toward that portion of the City where Children are still in Vogue, they fell to talking of the Future and what it might have in Store for a Bright Boy who could keep on the Trot all day and sustain himself by eating Co-coa-Nut Pie.

The Comrade hoped to be a Vaudeville Actor but the Kid said, after some Meditation: "During the past Two Years I have mingled in all Grades of Society and I have decided to round out my Career by being a Deep-Sea Diver."

MORAL—A little Learning is a dangerous thing and a good deal of it is Suffocating.

How to cure a cold is a question in which many are interested just now. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has won its great reputation and immense sale by its remarkable cure of colds. It can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

How Cold Affects the Kidneys. Avoid taking cold if your kidneys are sensitive. Cold congests the kidneys, throws too much work upon them, and weakens their action. Serious kidney trouble and even Bright's disease may result. Strengthen your kidneys, get rid of the pain and soreness, build them up by timely use of Foley Kidney Pills. Tonic in action, quick in results. Schramm-Johnson, Drugs. "The Never Substitutors." Five (5) good stores.

Indian Killed on Track. Near Rochelle, Ill., an Indian went to sleep on a railroad track and was killed by the fast express. He paid for his carelessness with his life. Often it is that way when people neglect coughs and colds. Don't risk your life when prompt use of Dr. King's New Discovery will cure them and so prevent a dangerous throat or lung trouble. "It completely cured me, in a short time, of a terrible cough that followed a severe attack of 'Grip,'" writes J. R. Watts, Florida, Tex. "and I regained 15 pounds in weight that I had lost." Quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Schramm-Johnson, Drugs. "The Never Substitutors." Five (5) good stores.

Let us hope that the time will come when on this fair earth the human race will have reached so exalted a state that all mankind will be one people, and brothers in fact as well as in name, when war and strife will have ended, when the machine will relieve men and the domestic animals of heartbreaking toil, and all men will strive for the welfare of all, nations cease to exist, one language, one aim for all, and that aim the golden rule "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Let us

Meanwhile our civilization is advancing and men are slowly growing better.

Full Quarts of Our GOLD LABEL Whiskey \$3.75 PREPAID ANYWHERE.

The Whiskey That Has Quality, Strength, Purity OUR REPUTATION MADE ON THIS BRAND.

Write for our price list. We will save you money on all wines and liquors.

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Canals of Mars Covered by a White Streak, Presumably Snow, Which Partly Obliterates Them. From Drawing by Schiaparelli.

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## Mars, a Miniature Earth; Evidence of Highly Intelligent Race on Planet

By Alfred Rordame.

Mars has been called a miniature earth, and in the telescope at first glance it has the aspect of a miniature, that the earth has seen from the planet Venus.

Our Lowell has made Mars his own, and undoubtedly knows more of the planet than anyone else on earth, and has published several works on the conditions of its habitability.

It comes to the conclusion that Mars is a very old planet, and that it is being made more habitable by the action of the sun.

The seasons of Mars are very different from those of earth, and the atmosphere is very thin.

The sky would appear blue or almost black, and the brilliant stars as well as the sun, would be visible at all times.

No tempests, hurricanes can ever work havoc on Mars, and the wind would be of no account.

There are no clouds, and the atmosphere is very thin, and the whole planet is a vast, open space.

The network of fine lines, which are called canals, are another very important feature of the planet.

The canals are very numerous, and are distributed all over the planet.

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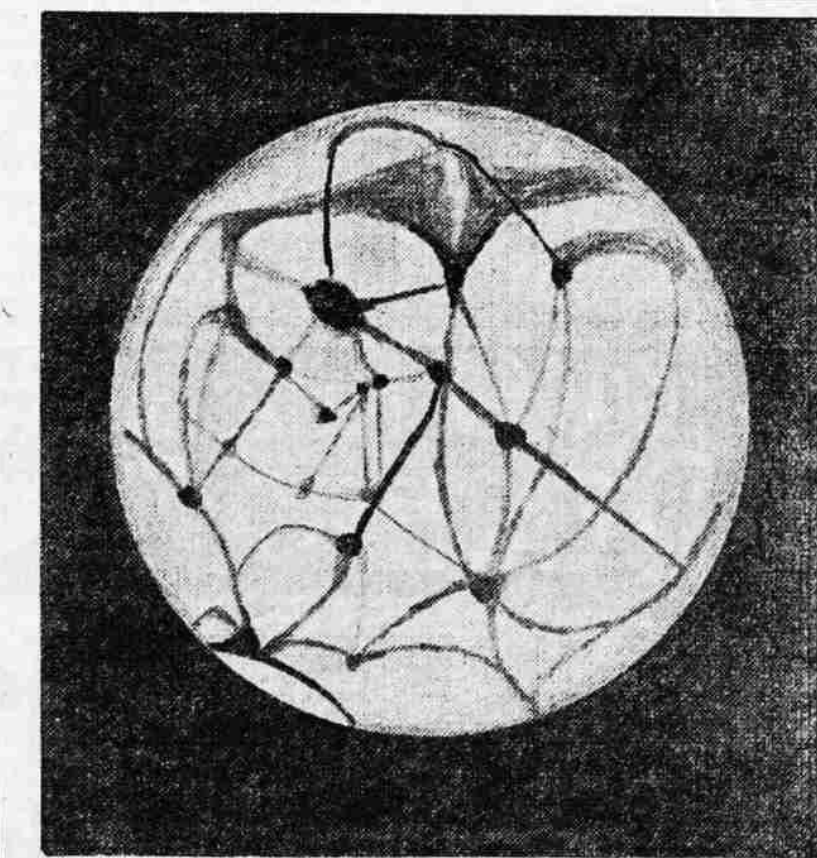
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The Planet Mars, November 13, 1896. Showing the Wonderful Network of Fine Lines, Which Have Been Named Canals. From Drawing by C. Roberts, a Member of the British Astronomical Association.

may of Mars has been confirmed by the work of Lowell and other great astronomers, who have merely added more detail.

The following may be taken as the sum of our present knowledge of the planet:

Mars turns on its axis in 24 hours 37 minutes, 22 seconds. Its day is thus about 24 minutes longer than ours. Its axis is tilted to the plane of its orbit by about 25 degrees, which gives the planet seasons almost the same as ours in character, but in length nearly double.

For its year consists of 687 of our days, 669 of its own. Polar caps are plainly visible which melt in the Martian summer and form again in winter, and, as they melt, are bordered by a blue belt, which retreats with them. As water is the only substance we know of that behaves in this way, we may exclude the idea advanced by some scientists of the possibility of the caps being formed by carbon dioxide.

The extensive shrinkage of the polar snows shows their quantity to be comparatively small, and points to scanty deposition, due to dearth of water. The melting takes place in approximately the same order every Martian year, and the polar snows at the edges of the caps being temporary only, the water from them must be fresh. It becomes thus certain that water vapor is present, and presumably oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid gas, which are all of heavier molecular weight. Outside of the polar caps the disk is divided into reddish orange regions which have the same appearance that our deserts would have seen from afar, and blue-green areas once thought to be seas. These latter are not such as shown by the fact that they change in tint according to the Martian season and are crossed by lines, which are permanently located in the same place, showing that there are no extensive bodies of water on the planet. Their

color is that of vegetation; this regularly fades out at the approach of winter, leaving the red ground bare and in places changes to a chocolate-brown tint. It thus becomes self-evident that oxygen and carbonic acid gas, as well as nitrogen, the food of plants and animals, are present in the Martian atmosphere, since plants exhale oxygen and take in carbonic acid gas.

As before stated, no mountains appear on the planet's surface. It might be likened to a desert plateau, the blue-green areas being very shallow depressions, suggesting old sea bottoms, and the only permanent vegetation, as far as we know, is the desert.

Clouds are of rare occurrence, while white spots obscure certain portions of the planet's surface and remain unchanged for weeks at a time, both in the tropic and temperate regions, showing that the climate is cold, though most of the surface is above freezing point. The most plausible explanation of these white spots is that they show the deposition of hoar frost, the calm, rarified air of the Martian atmosphere being eminently favorable to nocturnal radiation and consequent deposition of dew as hoar frost.

What happens when the ice at the pole begins to melt, and the great water masses are released, may be imagined as follows: Plenty of the element so necessary for vegetation and life in all its aspects becomes immediately available, but tremendous floods would result and the water turn to a curse instead of a blessing. If it were not by some means guided into safe channels, as all living beings on the earth reason in the same way as to the human race, being merely a difference of degree, not of kind, we may take it for granted that beings on Mars, constituted of the same elements, would take the same precautions and hold back the onrushing waters by great dams and irrigate arid

areas by means of canals, the same as we would do.

The extensive geometrical markings covering the whole planet shows the working of an intelligence which is the equal of that shown by the human race, forming a great circle on the earth connecting the cities of San Francisco and St. Petersburg, and we have the counterpart of the canal called the Eumenides Orcaus.

The soil of Mars is likely of a lighter character than on the earth, and remembering the fact that the mass of Mars is only one-ninth that of the earth, a body weighing 100 pounds here would weigh only thirty-eight pounds there.

As gravity presumably determines the size of beings inhabiting the planet, the inhabitants of Mars should have a stature nearly twice the height of ours, and with muscles in proportion would perform with ease tasks requiring the strength of ten men.

At the intersections of the canals we observe the dark spots which are termed oases, and are presumably the centers of population. As water does not run uphill, we must conclude that gigantic pumps are used to propel the water from the poles to the equator and beyond, and the oases would naturally be chosen for the site of the engineering stations.

As we know it on the earth, must be exceedingly scarce, and the Martians, with their million-year-old civilization, have no doubt learned to utilize the vast energy stored in the sun's rays.

The existence of these planet-wide geometrical markings teaches us, also, that the inhabitants are all one people. Nations, as we know them, cannot exist, but the astute and equatorial peoples are compelled to work for the benefit of the whole planet. Whether it was the fact that their planet is slowly drying up and all their water is disappearing, or increasing common sense that spurred them on to this wise decision, is hard to say, but if this state had not been reached they would all have died long ago.

The mistaken kind of patriotism that we ourselves have among us, and which induces a people to go to war, is a survival from savage times and is chiefly prevalent among the unthinking and boyish element of the nations. The wisest of us know that there is no gain in killing, and that the only way to survive is by the most efficient means possible.

Our own planet is also slowly but just as surely drying up. The time may be measured by millions of years, but the effect of lessened rainfall has been noted, even within the historic period, in the abandonment of ancient cities, and once stood the Assyrian and Babylonian empires. A belt of deserts is forming, approximating the hottest regions of the earth, comprising Sahara, the greater portion of Arabia, Gobi, and in the west-

ern hemisphere the Arizona and New Mexico deserts. In these places the total evaporating power of the air is increased, as is also the daily and annual range of temperature. Many streams show only an intermittent flow and disappear entirely in the sand. The desert, if left to itself, slowly but surely encroaches on the fertile land, and it is only by combined efforts in irrigation that this encroachment can be stopped.

Meanwhile our civilization is advancing and men are slowly growing better.

Let us hope that the time will come when on this fair earth the human race will have reached so exalted a state that all mankind will be one people, and brothers in fact as well as in name, when war and strife will have ended, when the machine will relieve men and the domestic animals of heartbreaking toil, and all men will strive for the welfare of all, nations cease to exist, one language, one aim for all, and that aim the golden rule "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Let us

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"They fell to talking of the Future and what it might have in Store for a Bright Boy who could keep on the Trot all day and sustain himself by eating Co-coa-Nut Pie."

flinty as that of the She-Purser in a swell Tavern who lately has cashed one that proved to be Phoney.

He had stood by while Husband, with the Scotch standing high in the Gauge, collaborated on the Lie which was to pacify

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## THE HEAVENS IN JANUARY

By Professor Eric Doolittle, of the University of Pennsylvania.

The year 1910 will be distinguished by the most interesting astronomical events. First of all in importance is the return of Halley's comet, which will be seen in the evening sky that it will attract the attention of every one. Then there will be two interesting total eclipses.

planet, a fact which proves clearly that our sister world has a considerable atmosphere.

**Mars and Jupiter.**

The planet Mars, which was so near the earth and so brilliant last August, will continue to grow fainter until near September, when it will be only slightly brighter than a second magnitude star. At this time the earth and Mars will be on opposite sides of the sun, more than

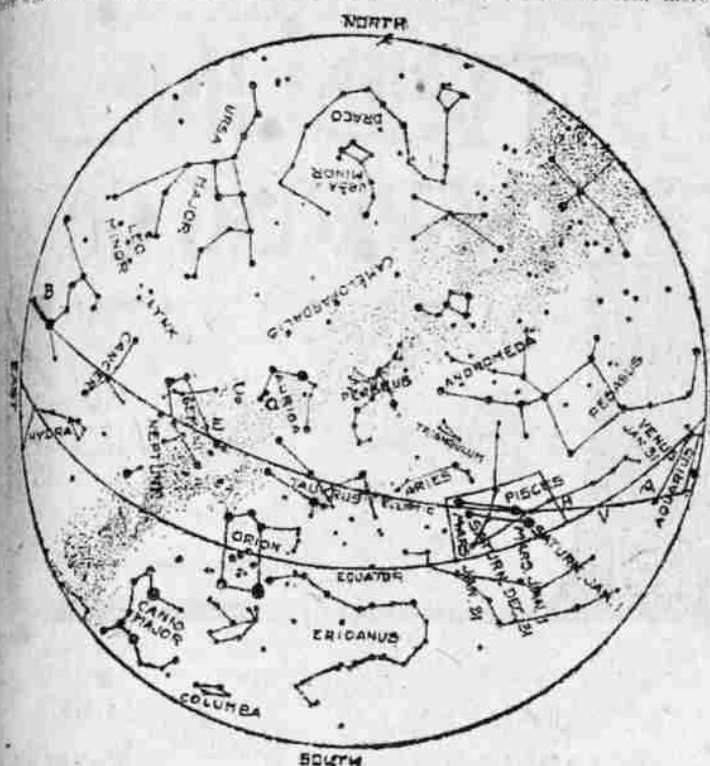


Figure 1—The Constellations, January 1, 9 p. m. (When facing south, hold the map upright. If facing east, hold "East" up, if west, hold "West" below, and if facing north, hold the map inverted.)

the moon, both visible throughout the year, and in the last month of the year an occultation of the planet Saturn by a beautiful and unusual star, which may be observed with a small telescope.

All times of the year, except for six weeks, there will be at least one bright planet in the evening sky. The observer will find it of much interest to watch the varying motions and positions of these bodies as the months pass. The planet Venus, which now shines out very brilliantly in the southern sky after sunset, has already begun to draw nearer the sun, and will pass to a west of that body and enter the morning sky on February 12. During only the entire year it will remain a morning star, only returning to the evening heavens on November 26. After that date we will see it slowly moving to two behind the sun, but for many weeks afterward it will be very much brilliant than it is at present.

The planet will reach its greatest brilliancy on January 7. On and after this time the possessor of a small telescope should not fail to examine it. Even a field glass will show it as a beautiful object, which during the few weeks will grow narrower and brighter until it is the thinnest crescent of light. The observer should note that the horns of the crescent extend more than half way round the

like that of the moon when about nine days old.

The beautiful planet Jupiter, which is now seen rising majestically in the east soon after midnight, next April will be high in the heavens by 9 o'clock in the evening, and will remain our brightest and most interesting evening star until October 18. On this date the sun in its regular eastward motion along its path, A. V. R. Figure 1, will pass the planet, which accordingly will then become a morning star. Similarly Saturn will be overtaken by the sun and enter the morning sky on April 18. Saturn and Mars are now near together in the sky, but the latter planet has so very rapid an eastern motion of its own that the sun cannot overtake and pass it until September 27.

Thus of the three bright planets now in the west Venus will remain with us only one month longer and Saturn only two months. But Jupiter will enter the evening sky as Saturn leaves it, and this planet, with Mars, will remain with us until autumn. After Jupiter disappears there will be no bright planet whatever to be seen in the heavens until Venus begins to draw out from behind the sun in November.

**Halley's Comet.**

There are three comets now visible in the sky. The first of these is a very

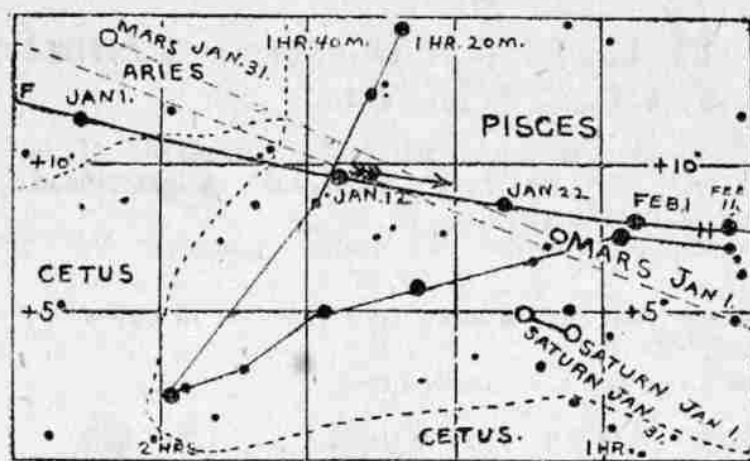


Figure 3—The square of figure 1 enlarged to show the motion of Halley's comet.

little object which returns to the sun every six years, and which now lies as low down in the southwest just after sunset that it cannot be well seen from northern observatories.

The second is a new, bright little comet discovered on December 7. At its discovery it was at the point C, Figure 1, a little above a straight line across the stars D and E. At the time this was written its path among the stars and its future appearance cannot be predicted.

Finally, there is Halley's comet, which during the month will move westward

out of the constellation Aries along the path F. H. Figure 1.

It is visible in a telescope of moderate size, but as it had passed nearest the sun the day before and was then far outside the orbit of the earth and rapidly drawing away from us, it grew rapidly fainter, and can now only be seen with the largest instruments.

It is hoped that by the end of the month it will be bright enough to be seen in a small telescope or good field glass. To enable the observer to find it easily a larger map, Figure 3, is added.

The comet is now moving rapidly toward the west among the stars and drawing nearer the sun. On March 25 it will pass to the west of that body and enter the morning sky, but for some weeks before this date it should have become bright enough to be seen with the naked eye. On May 18 it will pass between the earth and sun, re-entering the evening sky and moving very rapidly across the heavens from the west to the east. For several days after this date it will probably be a conspicuous and striking object.

A committee of astronomers of various countries has been formed for keeping the comet under constant observation during its present appearance. From its close approach to Venus on May 1 and to the earth on May 18 it is hoped that

exact values of the masses of these planets may be obtained. At the passage of the earth through the tail on the latter date careful meteorological observations will be made to discover what (if any) effects electrical or otherwise are produced in our atmosphere. Above all, it is hoped that a continuous series of photographs of the comet will be obtained, if taken at observatories further east, as telescopes are few on the part of the earth opposite the meridian of Greenwich, an expedition will be sent to the Hawaiian Islands for this purpose.

ERIC DOOLITTLE.

It is a dangerous thing to take a cough medicine containing opiates that merely stifle your cough instead of curing it. Foley's Honey and Tar lozenges and cures the cough and expels the poisonous germs, thus preventing pneumonia and consumption. Refuse substitutes and take only the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package Schramm-Johnson Co.

## Removal.

Smith Mer. Co. pawnbrokers, have moved to 61 East First South. Half rate interest.

## THE ART OF PRINTING

Would be lost in Salt Lake if the Century were not in business. 55-57 Post-office place.

## The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the indelicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispenses with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures.

**"Favorite Prescription" is strictly non-alcoholic, non-secret, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper; contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every native medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those most eminent in the several schools of medical practice.**

Some of the numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its ingredients will be found in a pamphlet wrapped around the bottle, also in a booklet mailed free on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or non-professional testimonials.

The most intelligent women now-a-days insist on knowing what they take as medicine instead of opening their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulping down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of KNOWN COMPOSITION. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 31 one-cent stamps for cloth-bound copy.

If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge, by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

*Leyson's for Diamonds*

## HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

Via D. & R. G. Dec. 23, 24, 25, 31, Jan. 1.

One single fare for the round trip between all stations in Utah. Good returning until January 3rd.

## Tribune Want Ads.

Bell Main 5200. Independent 360.

## DENVER AND RETURN, \$20.00.

Via D. & R. G. January 2, 3, 6, 7, 10.

Good returning until January 31. Account National Apple show, Fruit Jobbers' association and National Live Stock show. Stopovers allowed in both directions.

## Tribune Want Ads.

Bell Main 5200. Independent 360.

**Elgin**  
Watches

The Standard Timekeepers

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.

## The First Business Day of the New Year Signalized By the Opening of



# Auerbach's Five-Weeks' Clearing Sale

## THIS MORNING

### AT 9 O'CLOCK IT STARTS

**All past recorded bargain carousals surpassed and eclipsed with a salvo of values that will reverberate throughout the state and its confines!**

This whole store has been gone over and all goods repriced in such a radical, uncompromising effectual fashion that you will reap the richest economy profits you ever obtained. Not in all the forty-six years of our existence have we had such bargains as you'll find here in this sale.

Every department in this store shares in this great sacrifice. Neither cost nor loss has been considered in this

sweeping cut sale and complete crushing of prices. It means a clean sweep of every dollar's worth of winter merchandise!

We've knifed prices as prices were never knifed before—we are going to give you a series of price reductions that will make this sale one long to be remembered. We are going to stir up this city as it was never stirred up before.



## IT'S A CLEARING SALE!

That will surpass them ALL in the Great Bargains offered. EVERY PRICE LOWERED—No Regular Prices Remain

It Starts at 9 o'Clock This Morning

ESTABLISHED 1864.

*Auerbach & Bro.*

ONE PRICE TO ALL. NEVER UNDERSOLD.

## IT'S A CLEARING SALE!

That means exactly what you'll expect it to—The Most Unprecedented, Unparalleled Price-Cutting and Sacrificing EVER MADE in Salt Lake City.

It Starts at 9 o'Clock This Morning



## THE CANDID FRIEND

An Independent Review of Men and Things That Figure in the Contemporary Life of California

By Edward F. Cahill

**T**HE march of science sometimes makes awkward complications. A lady of quality in Oakland last week impaled a butterfly on a pin, never suspecting that her passionate labor for scientific classification of the gay lepidopt was an invitation to a free fight, in which she had her face slapped and her humanity impugned. The police and the district attorney were invoked, but they are not much concerned about science, and the law takes no account of butterflies. Indeed, a practical minded district attorney, sincerely attached to his profession, might very well be expected to entertain an imperfect sympathy for this gay off season guest, coming as the lineal descendant of that impudent thief, the caterpillar. Thus the sins of the fathers are visited on the children.

Maybe it is the other way around. I never could tell which came first—the hen or the egg, the butterfly or the caterpillar. Professor Loeb, the famous biologist of the University of California, once wrote a piece for the papers on "Why does a caterpillar climb a tree?" I have forgotten the answer, and I don't believe the Oakland police could tell, so what's the use of submitting questions of science to their arbitration? I doubt if they could tell why a chicken crosses the road.



## NOT A LAMP OF SCIENCE

The district attorney of Alameda county is an admirable and conscientious law officer; but he is not a lamp of science, and the lady's recourse to him to solve a personal equation beyond his ken was unhappy. Indeed, it recalls a story told by Job Hedges, the New York lawyer, who was called on to respond to a toast at a dinner of financiers. His predecessors had been hacking vigorously at the Sherman anti-trust law.

"Some of those who comment on the Sherman law," said Hedges, "make me think of Tom Collins. Tom planned a convivial evening with some friends. Being a prudent and foresighted man, he determined to make certain that he would get home safely. As the streets of the village in which he lived were not lighted after 11 o'clock he took a lantern when he left home.

"Long after midnight he bade his friends goodby and started on his homeward bound trudge, lantern in hand. Next morning he was surprised to receive a note from his host of the evening before. 'Dear Tom,' it read, 'the boy will give you your lantern. Please return by bearer my parrot and cage.'"

That is to say, the lady of quality got hold of the wrong lamp.

## SCIENTIFIC VAUDEVILLE

Pursuing the scientific vein, one observes with a sense of edification that the anthropologists of the state university are exhibiting in their museum on Parnassus Heights in this city an ancient jar that whistles like a bird when you pull a string. This appears to be a sort of musical bellows, invented by certain prehistoric Peruvians, and is advertised as giving "an idea of the high development of the ancient Peruvian Indians at a time before the Roman empire." If this gay old bird can whistle a tune it should be first cousin to the bagpipes, which has hitherto been assigned the honors of the original musical bellows.

In the scientific vaudeville show on Parnassus Heights Ishi, the unspoiled Indian, is the star performer advertised to do stunts on Sunday afternoons as an aboriginal matinee idol. The latest advance notices from the heights tell us that this untutored savage has invented a sure-thing game, at which he defies all comers. Now, this looks like an opportunity for the police to show their zeal for science.

## WARLIKE SCIENCE

It is a grave mistake to conclude that the pursuit of science promotes peace. The Lick observatory astronomers, for example, are at open war with the Harvard star gazers at Flagstaff, Ariz. The Harvard people worship the planet Mars, and so it seems natural they should be of warlike mind. Yet it appears that the original offense came from the California astronomers, who had the temerity to speak disrespectfully of the canals on Mars, which are Flagstaff's dearest and exclusive possession. Lick, like the lady in Dickens, intimates that there ain't no such canals, and Flagstaff comes back with lofty scorn, hinting that Lick, poor thing, is not really equipped to see things. Such wrath inflames celestial minds. As for a canal more or less in the heavens above or on the earth below, it is very much like the seagull in the tumbles:

The thing itself is neither rich nor rare,  
The only wonder's how the devil it got there.

## EVASIVE CANALS

These canals, it seems, will bear a lot of watching. Indeed, the Flagstaffians grudgingly admit that they can not

be seen at all without long practice and assiduous search. The other day they sent out this telegram:

FLAGSTAFF, Ariz., Jan. 24.—The two Martian canals, Ganges and Jamuna, have just been detected at the Lowell observatory to be in process of doubling. The most interesting thing is that in both the strong line emanates from one and the same carelike egress from the dark regions, the canals then proceeding a thousand or fifteen hundred miles in different directions across the Martian desert to certain cases. The duplicating parallel streaks both start from another mouth 150 miles east. It is the first time this particular phenomenon has been observed.

## MIRACLES AND MYSTERIES

In another telegram a few days earlier the press agent for Mars ingeniously explained that "this doubling of certain Martian canals at certain seasons is one of the mysteries of the great planet. It is one of the many proofs that the canals are of artificial construction."

This explanation appears to be constructed on the ancient plan of accounting for a miracle by a mystery. The astronomer is own brother to the astrologer.



## SCORNFUL WORDS

Here is the fighting ground for these quarrelsome astronomers. What do these canals—if they are canals—prove? Prof. Robert Grant Aitkin of the Lick observatory, writing in the Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, published in Toronto, flouts the whole Flagstaff bundle of theories in this wise:

There undoubtedly are strong markings on Mars, but astronomers are not agreed as to whether the markings are natural or artificial canals or mere earthquake cracks. The Martian atmosphere is rare and there are no permanent bodies of water on the planet. There is not enough water on the whole of Mars to fill one of the great lakes on the earth. The so called polar ice caps and "frost" on Mars may be deposits of carbon dioxide. The best that can be said is that while the temperature on Mars is very low there may be on that planet to a limited extent the conditions essential to life—probably only vegetable and animal life, but no beings of intelligence.

There is no life on Mars, no frost on Mars, no canals on Mars—just cracks in the ground. The imaginary ice caps belong to the drug store. Here is a magnificent edifice of theory shattered in an instant.

Jealousy and defective vision, says Flagstaff. You shall not ruin the reputation of our planet and its elastic canals.

It seems, indeed, that, according to the Flagstaff theory, Mars is built on the plan of a modern apartment house, with disappearing canals that can be put out of sight when convenient. This is doubtless one of the proofs that there must be women on Mars.

## OUT FOR A REPUTATION

Located midway between Lick and Flagstaff are the Mount Wilson astronomers in Los Angeles county, but they are beginners and are striving to get a reputation before they engage such stout fighters as those of Mount Hamilton and Flagstaff. But they are in on the game and appear to have an even more accomplished press agent than either of the others. Judge for yourself:

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 13.—The birth of an entirely new sidereal system brought into the illimitable realms of space by forces so mighty that human intelligence shrinks before the task of grasping even a partial conception of their infinity is that whose gigantic size is enthralling a little group of world scientists nightly watching on the summit of Mount Wilson.

Comparable only to the mighty fact of the creation itself, and prodigious beyond the power of polysyllabic science to express, the spectacle unfolding itself before the great lens of the telescope is one to dwarf the recorded achievements of astronomy by its sheer magnitude. A thousand million times greater than our own solar system, the vast celestial system now majestically taking form from immeasurable chaos of murky nebulae is to the tiny known corner of the universe as the earth to a needle's point.

The old song ran:  
The stars above are brightly shining,  
Because they've nothing else to do.

'Tis an ignorant mistake. The stars above are digging canals, creating new sidereal systems and defying polysyllabic science itself.



## LEGAL LANGUAGE

One learns that the indictment against Clarence Darrow is attacked by the defense on the ground that it should be thrown out for "redundancy, verbosity and tautology." Taken by and large, the proceedings appear to suggest Macaulay's famous description of the high court of India under Warren Hastings, to wit:

A reign of terror began, of terror heightened by mystery; for even that which was endured was less horrible

than that which was anticipated. No man knew what was next to be expected from this strange tribunal. It came from beyond the black water, as the people of India with mysterious horror call the sea. It consisted of judges, not one of whom was familiar with the usages of the millions over whom they claimed boundless authority. Its records were kept in unknown characters; its sentences were pronounced in unknown sounds. It had already collected around itself an army of the worst part of the native population, informers and false witnesses and common narrators and agents of chicane and, above all, a banditti of bailiffs' followers.

## BAD PLEADING

There is no reason why the proceedings of a court should not be conducted in a language understood of the people, and there is every reason why they should. The man who can not state a public offense in twenty-five words or thereabouts is unfit for his job. The multiplication of words does not promote certainty, but, on the contrary, makes for confusion and invites error. The affairs of American courts are conducted in an unknown tongue, as if they were the special mystery of a crew of cozening soothsayers.

The practice is a survival of the old, vicious system of special pleading that made English jurisprudence a public scandal in the early part of last century. Long ago it was abolished there, and English pleadings are now models of simplicity, clarity and logical statement. In legal phraseology, a pleading is the preliminary written statement of the case on which issue is joined. Our pleadings are invariably verbose, redundant and tautological, and, therefore, vulnerable. In the Darrow case the indictment runs to many thousand words.

## AN EDITORIAL CAN OPENER

My young friend, Guy Barham, who is editing the Los Angeles Herald with much success, is apparently still subject to the illusion that his head is a clock, and so I find him writing an editorial in this wise:

## The Boy Who Investigated a Clock With a Can Opener to See Why It Ran

Of course, you know what the boy is going to do with that clock when he finds the can opener. You can readily imagine his futile efforts to get it open with a pocket knife, and a screw driver, and possibly a tack hammer. You can picture his despair when none of these implements was successful, and his joy when the brilliant idea came to him that a can opener would enable him to probe the vitals of the cogwheeled mystery and learn for himself just how and why the clock ticked off the little seconds and marked the passing of the long hours with its narrow hands.

Gadzooks, a most excellent inspiration, brother, albeit an obvious inversion of Sidney Smith's famous plan for the Scotchman in whose head he proposed to introduce a joke by a surgical operation. You, on the other hand, get your ideas out with a can opener, but, as I may have remarked before, they are mostly wheels.

Nevertheless, one may not deny that if the editorial of commerce were usually written with a can opener it would be a manifest improvement of the goods. In the hands of men entirely great the can opener is mightier than the pen.



## AN EDITORIAL JOKER

Talking of ideas in journalism, do you remember the huge joke that Rufus Shoemaker played years ago on the whole editorial fraternity of California? Shoemaker at the time was editing the Grass Valley Tidings, and in one of his issues he offered an inviting prize for the finest banana plant that could be grown from the seed in California. The state press generally took up the project with solemn editorial approval. The Sacramento papers were especially enthusiastic. Some of the dailies of the metropolis indorsed it, and altogether it had a very prosperous editorial season, but it never got much farther. Shoemaker printed a page of the editorial indorsements as a California symposium, and in a brief note at the bottom added:

"The banana can not be grown from seed."

## PREPARED FOR THE WORST

Santa Barbara has been sorely troubled over a proposition to put down its municipal brass band, which, one learns from an animated discussion by prominent citizens before the city council, was an important factor in the life of the town.

"The eyes of California," said J. J. Squier of that place, "are upon Santa Barbara. The Panama canal will bring thousands to the Pacific coast. Nature has done much to make this city attractive, but we must help, for a city without population can not live long."

Then uprose H. M. Cooley. A sturdy wight was he, not to be put down by clamor or the fine sentiments of Squier. "Santa Barbara," said the downright Cooley, "is like a tramp wearing a plug hat. The band is the hat, and the streets, paving and bridges are the patches and holes."

But this sort of carping criticism was promptly squelched by Councilman Tomlinson, who indulged in odious comparisons.

"Before we had the band here," said Tomlinson, "you

will remember that there were scattered abroad over this city tickets bearing the inscription, 'Santa Barbara, the village of the unburied dead.' That insult must never be justified by our losing such a valuable asset as the band."

Tomlinson saved the day. Not only the eyes, but the ears, of California may be cocked at Santa Barbara, and the Panama canal may now be opened. We are prepared for the worst.



## A BOOST THAT FAILED

While on the subject of bands, the Red Bluff News tells the story of a boost that failed, in this wise:

It cost the Sacramento valley boosters \$1,000 to take the Redding band to Los Angeles, and after they got 'em there the chief of police wouldn't let them play. Well, not very much, anyway. They were allowed to toot their horns while marching from the depot to the rendezvous of the newspaper offices in the evening, but no more. And, "most unkindest cut of all," the newspapers so serenaded never mentioned the fact in their issues the following day. There is something wrong with the Redding band or with the harmony and hospitality of the Los Angeles bunch. We are inclined to the belief that the fault is with Los Angeles.

It does not seem that music promotes harmony in southern California. Some time ago the town of Long Beach voted on public referendum \$12,000 to build a bandstand, and a little later the citizenry turned around and refused to vote an appropriation to pay the band. In Los Angeles they call the police.

## AS OTHERS SEE US

Trial by jury is a great bulwark of popular liberty, but some juries are hard to understand. One, in particular, disagreed as to the guilt of James Lawlor, accused of white slavery. The right thing for the authorities to do now is to ask Lawlor to behave himself and devote the proceeds of his Barbary coast cafe to charity.—Fresno Mirror.

That is a serious dilemma confronting the San Francisco board of supervisors, anxious to communicate officially with the board of education of that city, consisting of two men and two women. Whether to address them as individuals or in the mass is the perplexing question. One of the women is a spinster, hence "Dear Mrs. and Madames" is hardly correct and "Dear Board of Education" seems a trifle too ornate. Why not omit the "dear" and write "Honorable Board of Education, City, Your esteemed body is requested, etc."? Of course, individual notes addressed to the unmarried member of the board, in case of the necessity arising for such, could be accompanied by the conventional prefix, if the writer's intentions are honorable.—Pasadena News.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE MINE

Somebody ought to write the romance of the mine, its vicissitudes, its gambling chances and its turns of luck. Here we have a remarkable revival of mining on the mother lode of California, where for ten years or so everything was as dead as mutton until the late J. F. Parks took his courage in his hands and persuaded his friends to go deeper in the Kennedy mine. Nearly all the mines on the lode had shut down because the ore had uniformly pinched out at the 1700 foot level. This uniformity convinced the owners that the lode was worked out. Parks was the one unbeliever, but it took him years to persuade others to take a long chance. They had to go through some three hundred feet of barren rock, and then they struck it rich. Others followed his example with like results. John Martin's wonderful strike in the South Eureka has been described in these columns, and now Colonel Hetty Green has sent her son here to try his luck with the famous old Eureka.



## PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN

The Bakersfield Californian relates how workmen in that city, laying a gas main, dug up a live salt water crab imbedded in sand three feet below the surface. Looks to me like a democratic fabrication. Harrell must be practicing for the campaign.

## A HISTORIC HOTEL

The old Golden Eagle hotel in Sacramento has been sold. State history has been made within its dingy purlieus and many a beaker of good wine drunk. I have seen champagne flow there in full stream on the nights after a senator had been elected by the legislature or a governor named by a state convention. It was headquarters for the politicians. I breakfasted there one morning with William Jennings Bryan and interviewed him for publication. After I had written the stuff, he asked me to submit it to him, which I did. He was graciously pleased to approve.





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